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JANUARY, 1922

No. 298

The INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

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A. H. THAYER

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dustrial Art.

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Jan. 2-21. Paintings by Allen Tucker.

Jan. 7-28. Paintings by Walt Kuhn.
Jan. 23-Feb. 11. Water-colours and
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Jan. 1-31. Etchings by American Artists.

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lery).

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Jan. 12-24. "Canadian Landscape,"
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Jan. 4-16. Murdoch Photographs.

Jan. 18-31. Reynolds Stained Glass.
Jan. 5-12. Fosdick Pottery.

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Jan. 4-31. Paintings by Raymond John-
son.

Jan. 4-20. English Mezzotints.
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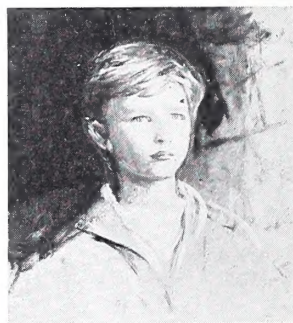
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EDITED BY GUY C. EGLINGTON

VOL. LXXIV.

NO. 298

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NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor will always be glad to consider any articles, drawings, etc., that may be submitted to him for publication, and every effort will be made to return in due course rejected MSS., and all drawings, etc., rejected or accepted; but under no circumstances can he hold himself responsible for the safe custody or return thereof. Stamps for return should always be sent, and the name and address of the sender clearly written on every MS., drawing, etc.

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IN AMERICAN MUSEUMS

PITTSBURGH (CARNEGIE INSTITUTE)

The Carnegie Institute International Exhibition—the twenty-first—will be held at Pittsburgh next spring, as usual.

Works may be presented to the Jury for consideration in London on January 24 and 25; in Paris on January 27 and 28; in New York on March 31, and in Pittsburgh on April 6.

Information may be secured by applying to the Department of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, or to any of the following agents:

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RICHMOND, VA.

There is a bronze tablet on an old building in Richmond commemorating the fact that the Richmond Art Academy—or the Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts of America—was founded in 1786 by a young French officer in the American Army of the Revolution named Chevalier Alexandre Marie Quesnay de Beaurepaire. He returned to France in 1788 and since his departure has only been known as the first Art Academy founded in America, says Louise Nurney Kernodle, local historian. Nothing ever came of this venture in the art-world. It has taken over one hundred years for the beautiful city of Richmond to possess what might now be termed a permanent gallery of Art. Last year the Hon. John Barton Payne communicated with his friend Mr. Arthur Dawson, the well-known artist and critic as to his views on the matter of arranging for the presentation of his very valuable collection of paintings and sculpture, then in his splendid home near Chicago. After the collection was removed, the mansion was given by its munificent owner to the city of Chicago, if I remember right, to be devoted to Chicago Orphans as a home. The paintings were then offered to the Commonwealth of Virginia, the mother of the donour, in memory of his wife and mother, but it was found almost impossible to give Richmond a start in art matters. It was only through the clever foresight of that splendid manager and devoted citizen, Judge George L. Christian, who proffered the loan of a beautiful gallery in the building called "Battle Abbey," a memorial to the Confederate Army, then in course of erection, and at a meeting it was decided



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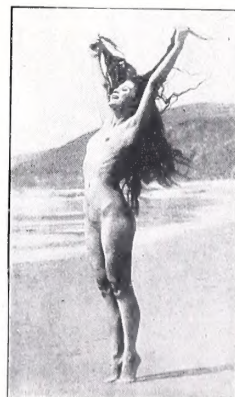
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to accept both Judge Payne's and Judge Christian's offers, and the minutes say, "Because it was hoped by the Executive Committee that these paintings would form the nucleus for the erection of an art gallery in Richmond in the not distant future." Mr. Dawson has finished the arrangement of the Payne collection and it is pronounced the best displayed collection in the country, and is estimated worth upwards of one million dollars.

The beautiful building, the Confederate Memorial Institute, known as "Battle Abbey," was the conception of the late Chas. Broadway Rouss, who offered the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, providing a like sum could be raised. The sum was raised, and the building is now the home of the magnificent collection of paintings given by Hon. John Barton Payne. The fine mural painting by the French artist, Chas. Hoffbaur, and a valuable collection of portraits of Confederate soldiers, belonging to Lee Camp, the arrangement of which was under the direction of Mr. Arthur Dawson.

The galleries are well attended and the people flock to examine the works of art and other historical objects displayed.

TOLEDO

LECTURES FOR ADULTS.

Dec. 5. Polish Music. Mrs. Mary Preston Beaven.

Dec. 12. Growth of the Orchestra. Lewis H. Clement.

Jan. 9. Russian Music. Misses Clement.

Jan. 16. Writers of Today. Allen A. Stockdale.

Jan. 23. Furniture. Mrs. Silas Hurin.

Jan. 30. The Living Poetry. Charles Otis Locke.

Feb. 6. Italian Music. Mrs. Frederic M. Fuller.

Feb. 13. Shattered Vases. Blake-More Godwin.

Feb. 20. Ancestry of Toledo Architecture. Robert Bronson Taylor.

Feb. 27. The Why and How of Colour. Miriam R. Harris.

Mar. 6. Music—to be announced.

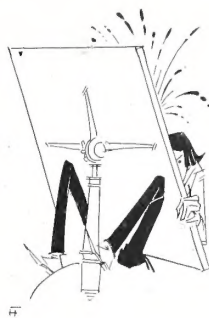
Mar. 13. Mask and Wig in Classic Lands. Blake-More Godwin.

Mar. 20. What's What in Shrubs. F. Elwood Allen.

Mar. 27. Dr. Johnson and his Time. Charles Otis Locke.

Apr. 3. Beethoven-Kreutzer Sonata. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Ruvinsky.

The analysis of the musical programs will be presented by Miss Lina C. Keith and their correlation with art by Elizabeth Jane Merrill.



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NEWARK MUSEUM ASSOCIATION

An interesting article, too long to quote, has been received, on the aims of the Newark Museum. It is written by John Colton Dana, the Director, and was read at the Congres de l'Histoire de l'Art at the Sorbonne in Paris, on September 26.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

MR. GEORGE KRIEHN'S LECTURES

Mr. Kriehn's lectures on "Outlines of Art History" and on "The Art of the Metropolitan Museum" are now proceeding. The spring course opens on February 13. Those interested should apply to the Secretary, Columbia University for detailed information. No university dues.

The Civic Club wishes to announce that its Art Gallery is now open to artists for exhibitions of two weeks' duration.

The purpose of this is to provide a direct connection between artists and the public and to pave the way for a Civic Art Gallery with the art encouragement and art education that that would mean.

Artists wishing further information please communicate with the Executive Secretary of the Civic Club, 14 West 12th Street, New York.

ARTISTS' MEMORIAL HALL AT NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Three busts have already been placed in the Gould Memorial Library at New York University. These are:

Clinton Ogilvie, 1830-1900

George Inness, 1824-1894

Carroll Beckwith, 1852-1917

Proposals have been accepted to place busts of the following:

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William M. Chase

Frank Duveneck

Walter Shirlaw

J. Q. A. Ward

Augustus St. Gaudens

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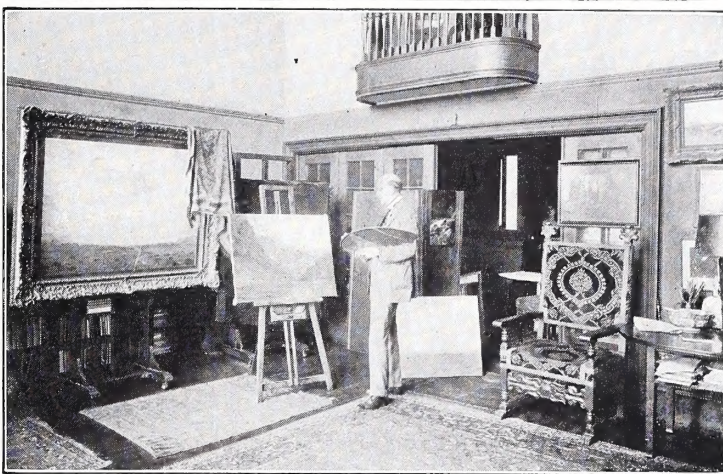
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Circulars received from the following:

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Pennsylvania Academy and School of Industrial Art.

Rochester Athenaeum and Mechanics' Institute.

The Pennsylvania Academy announces a course of Lectures in Artistic Expression by Hugh Elliott, Principal of the School. These will continue until May 2nd.



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The International
Studio

“THE BLUE BOY”
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH
FROM THE MEZZOTINT
BY FREDERICK REYNOLDS

ANNOUNCEMENT

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, after the publication of this number, will pass into new hands. The magazine has been sold by the John Lane Company to Messrs. Peyton Boswell and S. W. Frankel, who will continue its publication at the same address, under the corporate name of The International Studio. They are the publishers, also, of the weekly newspaper of art, The American Art News.

Next March The International Studio will have reached its quarter-century mark. During this time it has carried the message and has interpreted the meaning of art to the American people, and has done its part in creating the great art movement which is now making itself felt in all parts of the country. The old management relinquishes its control with confidence that its new owners will continue to develop and enlarge its scope and make it an even more worthy exponent of the cause which called it into being twenty-five years ago.

In the past a certain part of The International Studio has been printed in England, and joined with an American section to make the complete magazine. Under the new management, the publication will be produced wholly in America. While emphasizing American painting and sculpture, and the art of the rest of the world that has been brought to America, it will continue to be international and will interpret to America the art movements of other nations.

The John Lane Company thanks the thousands of loyal friends of The International Studio, for their support in the past, and bespeaks for the new owners a continuation of this friendship and support.

JOHN LANE

NOTICE

To Subscribers

IN future all communications for The International Studio should be addressed to The International Studio, Inc., 786 Sixth Avenue, New York, and not to the John Lane Company.

This is in consequence of the change of ownership, as announced on the preceding page.

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

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VOL. LXXIV, NO. 298

JANUARY, 1922

The New Year

A NEW YEAR. And a new "Studio." But two months old, beginning already to find its legs, and becoming more sure of its tongue.

The old "Studio," which lived from March, 1897, to October, 1921, did in its day fine work. It was founded on the principle which then held in America, dependence on Europe in matters artistic. The American supplement was at the outset no more than a leaflet inserted at the end.

But during a quarter of a century many things have happened. The principle no longer holds. America is beginning to resent the imputation of provincialism, and aspires to be more than a market for the cast-off artistic wares of other countries. That does not mean the promulgation of an artistic Munroe Doctrine or Infant Industries Protection Act, far from it. America wishes that the finest in her art be placed against the finest in the art of other nations, and be judged on that basis.

The old "Studio" had to go. Its day was past. What will the new "Studio" be like?

The new "Studio" will be modern in spirit, but classic in background. To be modern is not to decry the great figures of the past. It is youth that cries: "Nous avons changé tout cela." To be modern is to be alive, to be vitally interested in the struggles and strivings of one's age, to live in the present, looking backward for help, looking forward for

inspiration. The man who is inspired only by art may be a great man, but he cannot be a great artist. The artist looks at life. Rembrandt, El Greco, Rubens . . . these may teach him, may transport him into a Heaven of wonder, but they are powerless to make him one of themselves. Only life in its fullness, its grandeur and its infinite meanness can do that.

So that to be modern is but to say, "I am of my country and my time." "The clothes you are wearing will be outmoded tomorrow," objects the conservative. Perhaps, but are not the reactionary's clothes outmoded already?

But a critic must have more than the modern spirit, if he is to fulfill his function. He must hold the balance not only between art and life, but between past and present. He must see the present as the child of the past.

Balance must therefore be the aim. It will not be our achievement—perfect balance is attained only in death. We aspire to live. And life in its highest manifestation is the striving of atoms to find order in chaos. The balance attained is tentative, the pendulum swings around the centre, but it is dynamic. And there is no life without movement, no movement without passion.

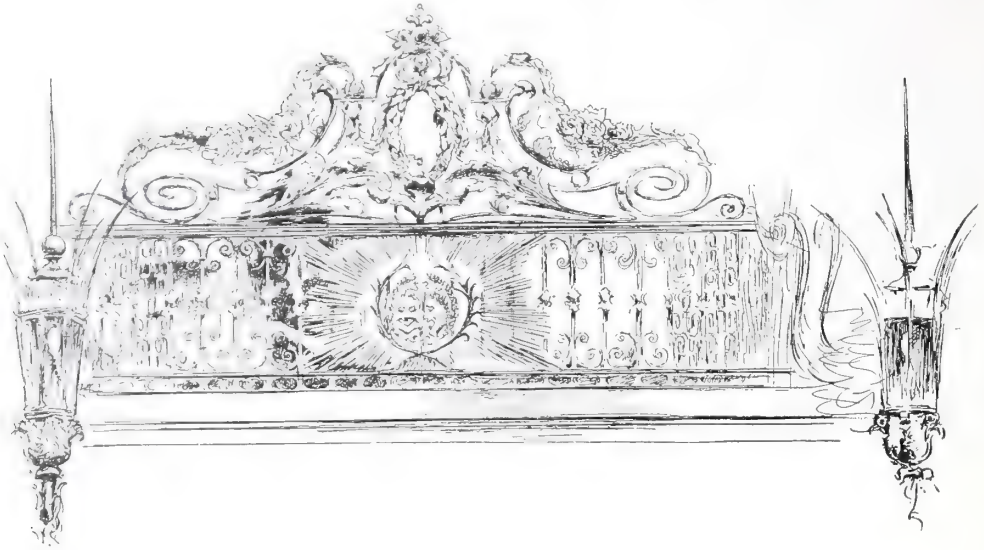
* * * *

This is at least a beginning. Let us face the future.

G. C. E.

CLXXXVII

A Forgotten Master: Brennan



A FORGOTTEN MASTER:
BRENNAN
BY JOSEPH PENNELL
Illustrations Courtesy The Century
Magazine

It is a strange thing to have lived long enough, and worked long enough, to have passed from artlessness in this country through a genuine *art* movement which has brought us to degeneracy and decay, dry rot.

When in the late 70's I started working—drawing, for it was my aim and ambition to

be an illustrator—Abbey, Pyle, Blum, Brennan, had made an international reputation for themselves and for *The Century* and *Harper's* for which they worked. The name of *The Century* then was *Scribner's*, the spirit was the coming century.

The two magazines were edited by authors, Gilder and Alden conducted their literary departments.

Their art departments were managed by artists, Drake and Parsons. There were, I believe, some business men in the outer rooms,



READING ROOM—PLAYERS'
CLUB, NEW YORK

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

A Forgotten Master: Brennan

but we saw nothing of them save when we cashed our cheques, which were paid without haggling when the illustrations were accepted.

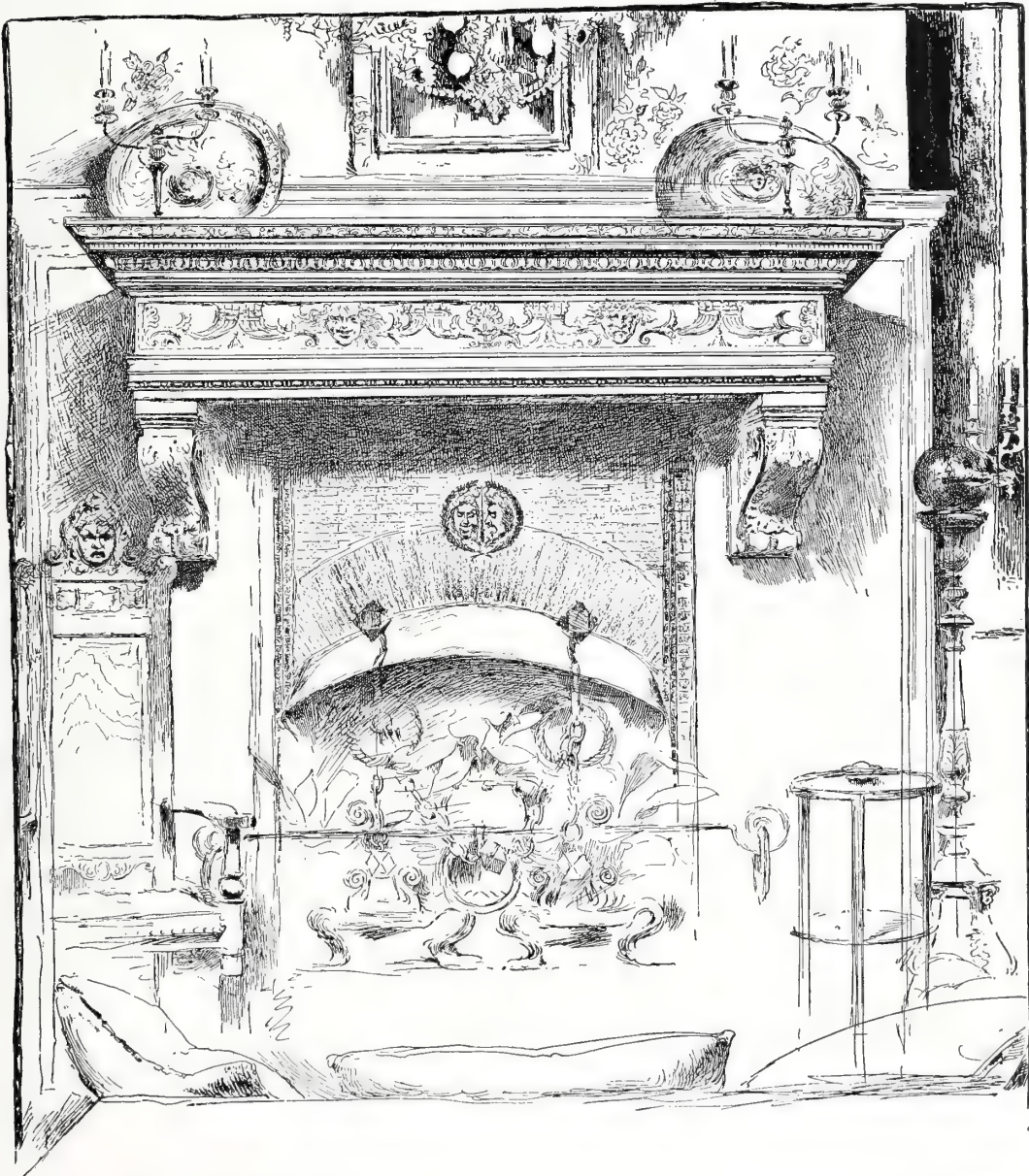
There were a few other things rather differently managed from the way they are to-day—At *Harper's* there was a staff of artists—at *The Century* there was no staff. *Harper's* worked with new men in the old fashion, they drew on wood and the designs were engraved.

But at *The Century*, though much of the

work was engraved, nearly all the drawings were done on paper or canvas and photographed on to the wood, and then engraved.

At *Harper's* "the house" was conservative, at *The Century* everyone was progressive.

But with the artists who worked for each there was pride, not only in their work, but in the magazines, of which they felt themselves a part. They knew what would appear during the coming year, but a *Harper* man would no more blab to a *Century* kid, than he



MANTEL IN THE CENTRAL HALL
PLAYERS' CLUB, NEW YORK

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

CLXXXIX

A Forgotten Master: Brennan



SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

would draw for the rival publications—those were the days of real art, real competition, real rivalry, fought out, mostly over schooners of beer and frankfurters in the real art centres of New York—and there were then no uplifters or dry boosters—the curses of art, for no dry country ever has produced art, does produce art, ever will produce art, only deceit, lying, imitation, hypocrisy.

None of these men would tell a rival what he was doing—it was all a secret, a mystery, and to be on the inside was wonderful.

Everyone was keen about the magazines and what the next number would contain—the papers, then edited with something besides a chuckrake, boomed the magazines with leaders—instead of artless, senseless, stupid ads, and the people, who then read more of the papers than the head-lines, bought the magazines. They knew and they cared, they did not have to be told what to know, what to buy, by the advertising oafs who have

bought and sold the honour and the decency of our land.

The coming of *The Century* was coincident with the return of Chase, Duveneck, Dielman, Muhrmann, to this country and with the appearance of Cole, Wolf, Quengling, the engravers—all foreigners—and all were given a chance by Drake to work, each in his own way: the artists perfectly freely and the engravers perfectly slavishly after them. And those early numbers of *The Century* soon proved to *Harper's* they must put up or shut up, and they gave Abbey, Reinhardt, Pyle and Frost their chance. No cheap imitations were employed or considered, the men who had ideas were encouraged.

But another thing happened. Ten years before photo-engraving in line had been made practical in Europe, and Fortuny, Vierge, Rico had drawn their masterpieces in pen-and-ink, and these had been photographically and chemically engraved by Gillot and Yves et

A Forgotten Master: Brennan



ALFRED LAURENS BRENNAN

Barratt. These men, with Menzel still at work in Germany, and Sandys and Houghton in England, set the standard of American illustration and it captured the world. Because it was better, not cheaper. It was art, not business, but it paid. Then came in a younger and newer batch of men. They came from the Middle West, where some had come from before, and few, if any, have come from since. It is strange that when new aims, new methods are discovered, there appear new men to practise them. I don't mean when -isms are set up—those anyone can follow, to the abomination of desecration we are now stewing in—but I mean a certain number of real artists appear, skilled to practise and to experiment with new arts and crafts.

The group which became most prominent hailed from Cincinnati. I believe they had studied with Duveneck, and worked on the papers with Farney. They were Brennan, Blum, Lungren, and Kenyon Cox. Why they

left Cincinnati I do not know, but I was told, I think by Duveneck or Farney, that one day a steamboat blew up down the river and Brennan was sent down by a paper to do the incident, with all his expenses paid. All he could find was a foot of smoke-stack sticking out of the water, so he drew that in an hour and spent a week drawing other things that interested him more. That might have had something to do with his coming east.

They stopped in Philadelphia and went to the Academy of Fine Arts which then had an art school with an artist at the head of it, Thomas Eakins. Whether they took to Eakins or not I do not know, it was before my time, but they did take to Stephen I. Ferris and he showed them, if they had not seen the work before, prints and drawings by Vierge, Rico, Fortuny. They had found themselves. At this time also Ives and the Levy Brothers were experimenting with screens, and I think Ben Day was in Philadelphia. They did not

A Forgotten Master: Brennan



VEILED GODDESS HURLING
SNAKES AT THE ENEMY

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

stay there long, no artist can. New York was the only place. I know nothing of their adventures or misadventures—I did not know them—I had not seen them—and I only saw Brennan once, in a green coat with Roman buttons. Drake was fearfully impressed with the fact that he could, like Chase, do wonderful things with a gun, and said he had to spend twenty dollars a day to live. We, years

later, lived on a dollar—and better than we do now.

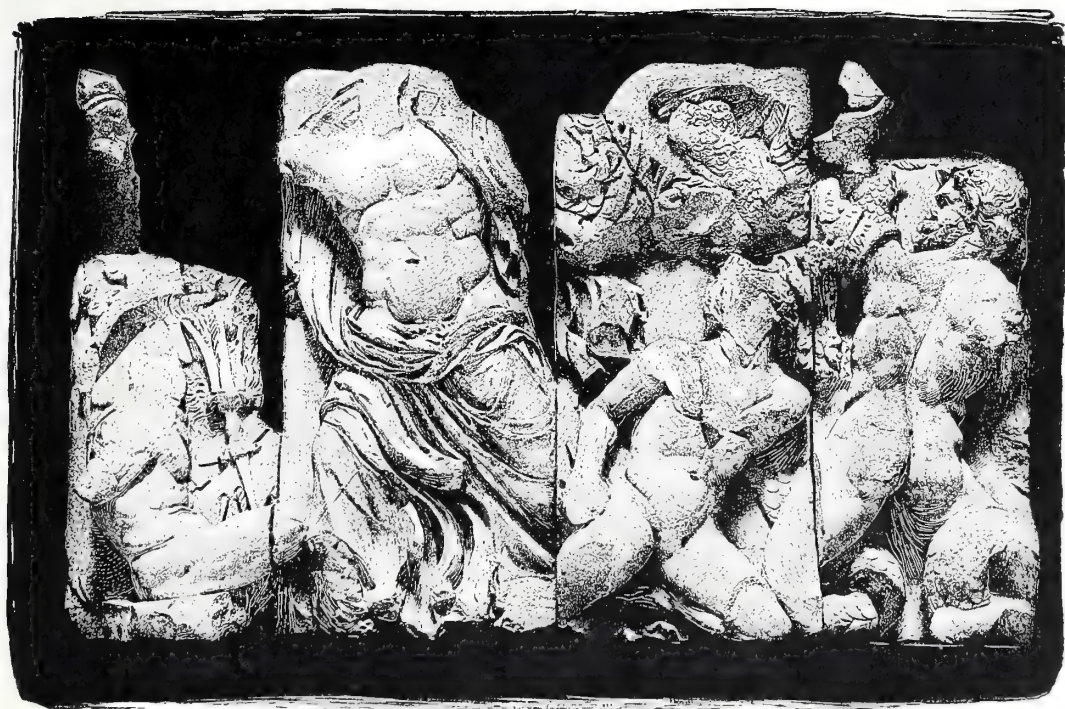
Blum I never saw, Cox I always tried to avoid, and Lungren I got to like in London.

Brennan must have been the inspiration of them all—Lungren knows—but I know that almost every number of the old *Century* contains an experiment in pen drawing and reproduction and printing, all of which Brennan



ATHENE GROUP
(FROM PERGAMON)

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN



ZEUS GROUP
(FROM PERGAMON)

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

A Forgotten Master: Brennan



INTERIOR OF THE
CASINO THEATRE, NEWPORT

ALFRED L.
BRENNAN

superintended, which was often a masterpiece, and in these experiments he was aided and encouraged by Drake, by the photo-engravers, who talked to him about the methods of reproduction, let him work on the blocks—at any rate I did—and sent him proof. And then, often, he and Drake would go to DeVinne's and make the thing print on the big Hoe press. Now it is all business, so there is no art. And some of those designs in the pages of *The Century* are still not only an inspiration as drawings—but are as engravings far better than our standardized labour-saving, money-wasting plants can turn out.

And Brennan, Drake, and the rest went on till the end, the break-up of the old *Century* and *Harper's*. This experimenting in art carried the American magazines to success. Collect the old numbers, if you can find them, marvel at them, if you can understand them, and then

turn to our books, magazines and papers of to-day and know what a foul pit of mediocrity we are squirming in, owing to the art and literature. He has, to fill his pockets, dragged us to his depths of ignorance, the lowest in the world; he has Bok-ed the land. Today we have new methods of reproduction and printing, but we have no Drake, no DeVinne, no Brennan—or if we have, they have no chance to experiment. Then we experimented, now we are cock-sure of everything save that we are what we are, an illiterate, artless race of smug oafs.

* * * *

Brennan died the other day, I have heard, without a note in the press. His work will be remembered when that of most of the forgotten millionaire muralists is whitewashed out, and all the cheap junk magazines have returned to pulp or powder.

AD. 1 8 8 9

This is a letter to my dear friend
William Theodore Peters sometime
called Bientôt begun this seventh
day of November 1 8 8 9
at my hotel a damned hostlere in
noisy troublesome vile New York
& to be continued from time to time
during my unhappy sojourn here
away from my Hearts of Good Gold.
Myown Quartette My People whose
protector and best lover is Rad Brenn,
erstwhile Alfred Brennen*****

Christmas Day :
at home in Milford.

Says Dad to his Sweetheart Daughter : "Do you know what that is ? That's a letter from Will Peters Bientot. Do you know him ? He is a poet. Do you know what a Poet is ? "No Papa". Well a Poet is a lovely gentleman who writes lovely things." * * * * *

"And do you know what this is ? This is a little book full of a letter that I have been waiting to my dear Bientot while he has been thinking I had forgot my promise."

And so it is my dear Boy, with not a thousandth part said and now but a little space for our portraits done here for you by
"most truly your friend" Alfred Brenn.



Sh, Pa. is of Palmer - i.e. Papa's
 own Dovey Cove - the Bumble Bee
 Alfred Brenn Jr. And such
 a wonderful and finely developed
 young gentleman is rarely
 seen. His religion is all his
 own: his ways of ^{administered} doing things
 of all and particularly of his
 Sister and his Papa.



Sorry about this: the "anomalie" came and talked at the wrong moment and spoiled it

RONDEAU onent BÉBÉ
her Birthday Ring done for her by
her Papa in New York her Fifth
Birthday: September the 26th;
1 8 8 9

Another Ring, my Bébé faire
Hath for her own —: a Solitaire —
My Birthday Gift whose gem so wee
Now vies with her for brilliancie

But in the contest fails —: compare
It as you will it needs the glare
Of Lamp, or Moon, or Sun, to see
Another Ring.

But Bébé! sweetest charms doth wear
By Day or Night; so have a care
Rash Future Swain, that freely she
Takes first her Heart from me to Thee,
Before you ask her Hand to share
Another Ring.

BURNETT
IN HIS FIRST
YEAR 1889.

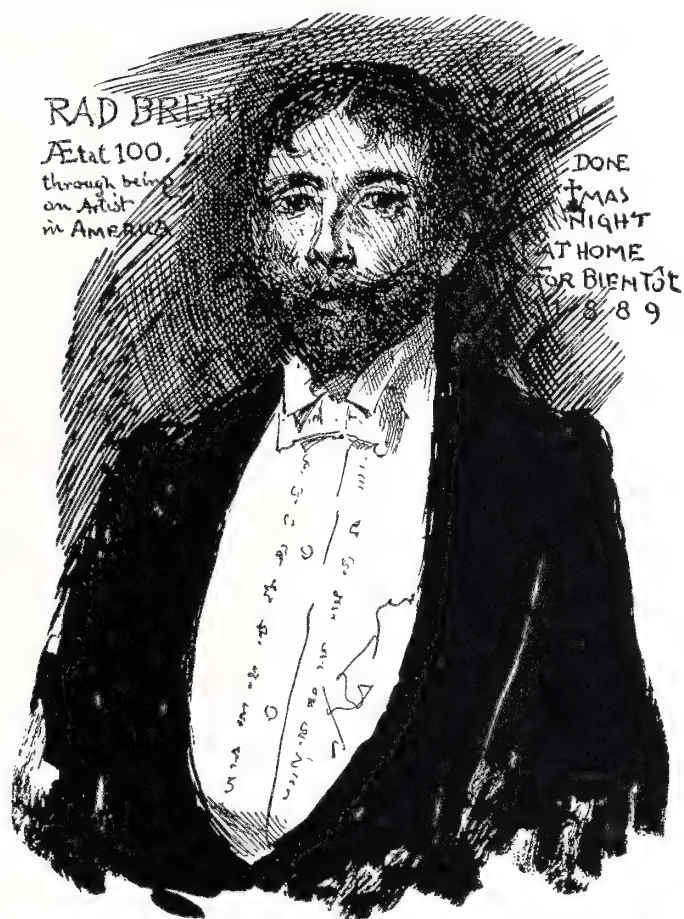


My dear Post

You who love the quaint ways of my Children: At home recently my Daughter Refreda sat her fragrant colourful self on the edge of her Mammas' bed wherein reposed her younger brother (the distinguished almost-a-foreigner, whom I have not yet seen) He doubtless was placid and altogether unmindful of her presence: than which nothing so

nearly approaches to annoyance of my Sweetheart Daughter - for she is intensely a woman, and being that, cannot accept a slight. She did this and that, as children will to attract attention - 'twas of no avail. For a moment then she did nothing until her thought came out "Oh wee Doll don't you want to look at your sister who has been in the world such a long, long time?"





RAD BREA

Ætat 100.

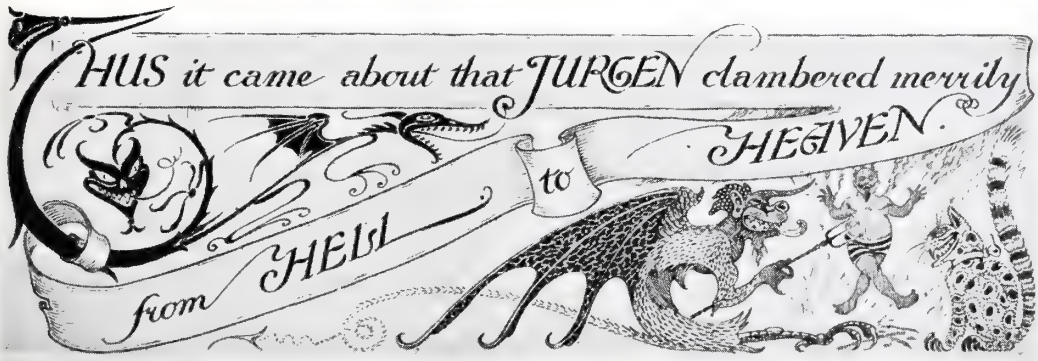
through being
an Artist
in AMERICA

DONE

XMAS
NIGHT

AT HOME
FOR BIENTÔT
1889

Papé's Illustrations for Cabell's "Jurgen"



PAPÉ'S ILLUSTRATIONS
FOR CABELL'S "JURGEN"
BY BURTON RASCOE

A LIMITED edition of "Jurgen" by James Branch Cabell has been published in England by Mr. John Lane, with illustrations by Frank C. Papé. The literary significance of this treasure trove of wit and beauty need not here concern us: the curious book has been the occasion for much bandying of many words and now, in the United States, at all events, final pronouncement (in this decade) rests with the courts.

An illustrated edition is preened with advantages a pictureless one cannot boast. We all like pictures and it is a boon to us when an illustrator draws for us scenes and situations which, with mere words as stimuli, our imaginations fail to encompass readily. In Frank C. Papé we have a deft and lively prompter to our halting mental processes. He has caught much of the Cabellian spirit (save only its irony) and if he fails of perfection, it is because the facets of that spirit are too numerous to be delineated in flat design of black and white. Indeed, says Cabell, "this fable of Jurgen is a book wherein each man will find what his nature enables him to see; which gives us back each his own image; and which teaches us each the lesson that each of us desires to learn." That Papé's nature enables him to see jocosely where satire

is, for some, inherent, is certainly not to be quarreled with.

But let us examine the illustrations which are reproduced in this issue of *The International Studio*. The evocation of Dorothy la Desirée, "that first love whom every man must lose, no matter whom he marries," is conventional to dainty prettiness and might easily have been the illustration for one of a hundred Christmas glitter books. But it is perhaps the least satisfactory drawing of the group.

The conception of Jurgen astride the Centaur is excellent and it is brilliantly executed. It has sweep and movement. It was the Centaur whom Jurgen found in the cave beyond Amneran Heath and who gave to Jurgen the Nessus shirt and upon whose back Jurgen was mounted in search for justice. "For a while they went through the woods, which were composed of big trees standing a goodish distance from one another, with the Centaur's gilded hoofs rustling and sinking in a thick carpet of dead leaves, all grey and brown, in level stretches that were unbroken by any undergrowth. And then they came to a white roadway that extended due west, and so were done with the woods. Now happened an incredible thing in which Jurgen would never have believed had he not seen it with his own eyes: for now the Centaur went so fast that he gained a little by little on the sun, thus causing it to rise in the west a little by little;



JURGEN'S PROGRESS
TO HELL

FRANK C.
PAPE

Papé's Illustrations for Cabell's "Jurgen"

and these two sped westward in the glory of a departed sunset. The sun fell full in Jurgen's face as he rode straight toward the west, so that he blinked and closed his eyes, and looked first toward this side, then the other. Thus it was that the country about him, and the persons they were passing, were seen by him in quick bright flashes, like pictures suddenly transmuted into other pictures; and all his memories of this shining highway were, in consequence, always confused and incoherent."

The artist's depiction of Mother Sereda is, perhaps, his masterpiece in this collection. Here the pattern and detail, the apparent stark economy of line, are all of a piece in this presentation of the bleak symbol of common-sense. "This was a depressing apartment, in its chill neat emptiness, for it was unfurnished save for a bare deal table, upon which lay a yardstick and a pair of scales. Above this table hung in a wicker cage a bluebird, and another wicker cage containing three white pigeons. And in this hall a woman, no longer young, dressed all in blue, and wearing a white towel by way of head-dress, was assorting curiously coloured cloths.

"She had very bright eyes, with wrinkled lids; and now as she looked up at Jurgen her shrunk jaw quivered.

"'Ah,' says she, 'I have a visitor. Good day to you, in your glittering shirt. It is a garment I seem to recognise.'

"'Good day, grandmother! I am looking for my wife, whom I suspect to have been carried off by a devil, poor fellow! Now, having lost my way, I have come to pass the night under your roof.'

"'Very good: but few come seeking Mother Sereda of their own accord.'

"... 'And what do you do here, grandmother?'

"'I bleach. In time I shall bleach that garment you are wearing. For I take the colour out of all things. Thus you see these stuffs here, as they are now. Clotho spun the glowing threads, and Lachesis wove them, as you observe, in curious patterns, very marvellous to see: but when I am done with these stuffs there will be no more colour or beauty or

strangeness anywhere apparent than in so many dishcloths.'"

The duel between Jurgen and Heitman Michael, whereafter Jurgen resorted to an expedient not countenanced in the *code duello* to gain that which his heart was set on, does passably, if only because of the sardonic tail-piece with its shattered Cupid.

In depicting Jurgen attended by his shadow, the artist has achieved a sinister, nightmarish effect with cloudy witches astride nebulous mounts and with a phosphorous eyed, inky bat posed against two tones of grey. Here is a technical achievement in colour gradations from pure white to jet black, and the fancy behind it is daily stygian. The tail-piece, too, has a motive that is appropriately unorthodox.

The scene from "The Orthodox Rescue of Guenevere" shows Guenevere seated at the feet of Troll king. Here, as always, Papé has packed his drawing with details in an unobtrusive manner, even if they fail to conform with the text. "Here suspended from the roof of the vault was a kettle of quivering red flames. These lighted a very old and villainous looking man in full armour, girded with a sword, and crowned royally: he sat upon a throne, motionless, with staring eyes that saw nothing. . . . Then Jurgen saw that at this unengaging monarch's feet were three chests. The lids had been ripped from two of them, and these were filled with silver coins. Upon the middle chest sat a woman, with her face resting against the knees of the glaring, withered, motionless old rascal."

The depiction of the ghosts King Smoit and Queen Sylvia Tereu haunting Jurgen's bed-chamber is full of merry minutiae and is wag-gish satire, carried out even unto the motto from the king's armorial bearings, "Armores et Diligentia." "Now it befell that for three nights in succession the Princess Guenevere was unable to converse with Jurgen in the Hall of Judgment. So upon one of these disengaged evenings Duke Jurgen held a carouse with Aribert and Olwen, two of Gogyrvan's barons, who had just returned from Pengwaed-Gir, and had queer tales to narrate of the Trooping Fairies who garrisoned that place.

Pape's Illustrations for Cabell's "Jurgen"

"All three were seasoned toppers, so Jurgen went to bed prepared for anything. Later he sat up in bed, and found it much as he had suspected. The room was haunted, and 'at the foot of his couch were two ghosts: one an impudent-looking leering phantom, in a suit of old-fashioned armour, and the other a beautiful pale lady, in the customary flowing white draperies.

"'Good morning to you both,' says Jurgen, 'and sorry am I that I cannot truthfully observe I am glad to see you. Though you are welcome enough, if you can manage to haunt the room quietly.' Then, seeing that both phantoms looked puzzled, Jurgen proceeded to explain, 'Last year, when I was travelling upon business in Westphalia, it was my grief to spend a night in the haunted castle of Neuedesberg, for I could not get any sleep at all in that place. There was a ghost in charge who persisted in rattling very large iron chains and in groaning dismally throughout the night. Then toward morning he took the form of a monstrous cat, and climbed upon the foot of my bed: and there he squatted yowling until daybreak. And as I am ignorant of German, I was not able to convey to him any idea of my disapproval of his conduct. Now I trust that as compatriots, or as I might say with more exactness, as former compatriots, you will appreciate that such behaviour is out of all reason.'

"'Messire,' says the male ghost, and he oozed to his full height, 'you are guilty of impertinence in harbouring such a suspicion. I can only hope that it proceeds from your ignorance.'

"'For I am sure,' put in the lady, 'that I always disliked cats, and we never had them about the castle.'

"'And you will pardon my frankness, messire,' continued the male ghost, 'but you cannot have moved widely in noble company if you are indeed unable to distinguish between members of the feline species and of the reigning family of Glathion.'

"'Well, I have seen dowager queens who justified some confusion,' observed Jurgen, 'Still, I entreat the forgiveness of you both, for I had no idea that I was addressing royalty.'

"'I was King Smoit,' explained the male phantom, 'and this was my ninth wife, Queen Sylvia Tereu.'

"Jurgen bowed as gracefully, he flattered himself, as was possible in his circumstances. It is not easy to bow gracefully while sitting erect in bed.

"'Often and over again have I heard of you, King Smoit,' says Jurgen. 'You were the grandfather of Gogyrvan Gawr, and you murdered your ninth wife, and your eighth wife, and your fifth wife, and your third wife, too: and you went under the title of the Black King, for you were reputed the wickedest monarch that ever reigned in Glathion and the Red Islands.'

"It seemed to Jurgen that King Smoit evinced embarrassment, but it was hard to be quite certain when a ghost was blushing."

There is a charm of a dainty, trim tapestry in the illustration showing Jurgen with King Anaitis, and the design is relevantly Egyptian. "So Jurgen sat with Anaitis in the two tall chairs that were in the prow of the vessel, under a canopy of crimson stuff embroidered with gold dragons, and just back of the ship's figurehead, which was a dragon painted with thirty colours: and the ship moved out of the harbour, and so into the open sea."

There is a pre-Raphaelite hint in the illustration for the idyll of Jurgen and the Hamadryad. "So they talked nonsense, in utter darkness, while the locusts, and presently a score of locusts, disputed obstinately. Now Chloris and Jurgen were invisible, even to each other, as they talked under their oak-tree: but before them the fields shone mistily under a gold-dusted dome, for this night seemed builded of stars. And the white towers of Pseudopolis also could Jurgen see, as he laughed there and took his pleasure with Chloris. He reflected that very probably Achilles and Helen were laughing thus, and were not dissimilarly occupied, out yonder, in this night of wonder.

"He sighed. But in a while Jurgen and the Hamadryad were speaking again, just as inconsequently, and the locusts were whirring just as obstinately. Later the moon rose, and they all slept."

Jurgen's descent in the wheelbarrow trun-



Then JURGEN knew with whom he talked

MOTHER
SEREDA

FRANK C.
- PAPE

Pape's Illustrations for Cabell's "Jurgen"

dled by Cannagosta to the Hell of his father is gorgeously conceived and intricately worked out. "Cannagosta was something like an ox, but rather more like a cat, and his hair was curly. And as they came through Chorasma, a very uncomfortable place where the damned abide in torment, whom should Jurgen see but his own father, Coth, the son of Smoit and Steinvor, standing there chewing his long moustaches in the midst of an especially tall flame.

"Do you stop now for a moment!" says Jurgen, to his escort.

"Oh, but this is the most vexatious person in all Hell!" cried Cannagosta; "and a person whom there is absolutely no pleasing!"

The halo of industrious imps bestowing upon Coth the punishments he believes to be his due because of the fancied enormity of his peccadilloes is a happy conceit. There is a nimble imagination displayed in the whole design. The reptilian character of the denizens of the lower regions, the barbed and lanciform accessories, and the imperial accoutrements and insignia of Jurgen are in key and character with this delightful episode.

The scene between Jurgen and Satan's wife in the Black House of Barathum is treated in a manner which it is inconvenient to describe. The passage reads: "Now Grandfather Satan's wife was called Phyllis: and apart from having wings like a bat's, she was the loveliest little ship of devilishness that Jurgen had seen in a long while. Jurgen spent this night

at the Black House of Barathum and had more nights, or it might be three nights: and the details of what Jurgen used to do there, after supper, when he would walk alone in the Black House Gardens, among the artfully coloured cast-iron flowers and shrubbery, and so would come to the grated windows of Phyllis's room, and would stand there joking with her in the dark, are not requisite to this story."

The visualising of the ascension of Pope Jurgen, by means of Jacob's ladder, is joyous though derivative and is as replete with symbols.

We come at last to the apostrophe to Helen which is, as would all attempts be, an inadequate attempt to capture the quality of beauty in that perfect symbol of all men's desire.

"And so farewell to you, Queen Helen! Your beauty has been to me as a robber that stripped my life of joy and sorrow, and I desire not ever to dream of your beauty any more. For I have been able to love nobody. And I know that it is you who have prevented this, Queen Helen, at every moment of my life since the disastrous moment when I first seemed to find your loveliness in the face of Madame Dorothy. It is the memory of your beauty, as I then saw it mirrored in the face of a jill-flirt, which has enfeebled me for such honest love as other men give women; and I envy these other men. For Jurgen has loved nothing—not even you, not even Jurgen!—quite whole-heartedly."



Architecture in New York

ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK III. EDUCATE THE CLIENTELE BY MARRION WILCOX

DECIDEDLY not academic is the instruction in New York's architecture given by M. Jacques Gréber, whose volumes on *L'Architecture aux Etats-Unis* (Payot & Cie, Paris) have just come to my hands. Describing in popular terms the residences in the Fifth Avenue section, he teaches that the exteriors of a majority of these houses are very beautiful copies of old Paris or Bordeaux residences, when they are not more or less faithful reproductions of châteaux on the Loire or of Florentine palaces. And he adds regretfully that the originality and great variety manifested in American country houses are no longer in evidence when one returns to town. The tendency of apartment house design in New York is to give an artificial aspect, he asserts, to apartment house life. In France, on the contrary, perhaps because the houses are not so new, it is possible to perceive a certain charm and to establish one's home in buildings of this class. In New York it nearly always seems, in an apartment, as though one were à l'hôtel. That is not due to the furnishing, which is occasionally very beautiful and such as one might find in a country house; it is undoubtedly due to the plan of the apartment itself, in which are found all the refinements and conveniences which a private house would supply, but one feels that the formula of home in a single *étage* has not yet been discovered. As for New York's office buildings, their architects have added decorations which are sometimes useless and inappropriate, but often the structure of their edifices has a really monumental aspect, the expression of power and of majesty; and words of praise are found for the towers of these *grandes maisons du travail*, rather than for the recently built churches. The architecture of the latter must be thought of in connection with the architects' sources of inspiration—the French cathedrals of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and more or less nearly related works of the Norman and English schools; since certain contemporaneous archi-

texts are really past masters in this art of adaptation. Their works are not copies of European monuments of the Middle Ages, but are magistral studies in archæology. However, examples such as the Chapel of the Intercession, at 155th Street, near the Hispanic Society buildings, and St. Thomas's Church, at 53rd Street and Fifth Avenue, the author of these interesting volumes admits, *se passent amplement de justification*.

Now, one's gratitude for such instruction is, I think, apt to be withheld for a moment. In this field the statement of conclusions, without systematic development of the mental processes leading up to them, begets scepticism, instead of winning immediate assent.

In the *Architectural Record*, November, 1921, Professor Moore gives his conception of a proper university course in architecture. He has in mind, not training for those who are to become architects but rather for those who will become clients, owners, donors. Training for the practice of architecture, he holds, cannot be given in a university. On the other hand, every scheme of liberal education should include instruction in the art of building. "Architecture is not merely an important branch of what we call the fine arts, it is the root of them. For all graphic and plastic arts depend for their primal qualities on principles that are fundamentally architectural. It is often said that the fine arts are essentially one; but how they are so is seldom made clear. They are one because they are all based on the same principle of organic co-ordination of parts with a view to beauty. They differ among themselves only from differences of purpose, of materials, and of consequent technical treatment. Every true design, whether in building, in sculpture, or in painting, has an arrangement of lines, spaces, or solid forms that are proportioned and adjusted so as to produce an harmonious whole; thus the architectural principle of structure, governed by the sense of beauty, is common to them all." He invites attention to the value of photography in the *comparative* study of architecture—precisely the method by which it would be possible for students to test the correctness of M. Gréber's conclusions.

Nine Pencil Drawings by Abbott H. Thayer

NINE PENCIL DRAWINGS BY
ABBOTT H. THAYER
NOTES
BY GERALD H. THAYER

Sardinian Girl. This little drawing is of special interest as being almost the only bit of art-work which came from my father's hand during a period of several months when his vigour was at its height. We were spending the winter of 1900-1901 in Italy; and it was his custom not to paint during such sojourning amid the shrines of the immortals. Instead—between intensive pilgrimages to the midmost of those shrines, in Florence and elsewhere—he devoted himself, with the whole vehemence of his nature, to that other lifelong passion of his, ornithology. We were comrades in this, equal in ardour and resource; and for joyous long weeks at a time painting would be all-but forgotten while—leaving our women-folk somewhere ensconced—we two together strenuously studied, hunted, shot, and taxidermized “new birds” for our collection, in unheard-of nooks and corners of the country. We went across to Sardinia to get vultures and flamingoes; and it was there, in the coastal hamlet of Sarroch (not to be found in the atlas), that this little drawing was made. To me, it connotes hot, barren hills covered with tangled scrub, in which furze-warblers chattered and over which swift falcons poised and darted; and, more particularly, it connotes the odour of astounding cheeses and mystic sausages and breadstuffs in the village store where we espied this bewitching little peasant girl. Her shy and delicate beauty struck us both—I think we both fell in love with her on the spot! (I was seventeen, my father fifty-one; but more than once on that Sardinian trip we were taken for brothers!) In the older “bird-man” the artist awoke in a flash: *her he must draw*; and through our taxidermist-guide, Bonomi (who wrote the inscription on the drawing), the matter was explained, with the result that, amid neighbourly giggling, this elfin-beautiful little “Elisia Dessi” stood very graciously for her picture.

Head of the Artist's Son, at the Age of Six.
Minerva Driving Chariot. This was a com-

position by which my father set great store, and which for years he hoped to be able to execute somewhere as a large mural decoration. It exists, however, only in a few variant pencil drawings, and in two or three oil sketches on canvas,—one of them of considerable size and importance. Date ca. 1897.

Studies for Paintings. A composite sheet of studies and sketches, related to more than one painting. The lady with the veil is a portrait-study, for the painting *Portrait of a Lady*, shown in the recent exhibition of the National Academy in New York, but painted some years back. The child's head on the left is from his daughter Gladys at the age of four or five, and is evidently a study for the little girl at the left (likewise Gladys) in the picture known as the *Virgin Enthroned*. The group of hands must be inverted.

The Artist's Son (aged perhaps eleven). *Study for a Painting* (?). Age and position of the boy in this study make it difficult to assign it to any of the completed paintings. It may have had to do with the mural decoration at Bowdoin College.

Portrait of Mary. This elaborate life-sized portrait, in black-and-white, of his daughter Mary, who appears as the central figure in the *Virgin Enthroned*, and other pictures, seems to have been done independently of any painting. Its date is 1897.

Girl Arranging Her Hair. (Sketch from A. E. W., later Mrs. Gerald Thayer.) This, said to have been a seven-minute sketch, is perhaps the most interesting of a number of pencil studies of the same theme, which appears also in one or two of the later paintings.

Self-portrait, 1919. My father painted several portraits of himself during the last years, and the drawing here shown is a study for one of these paintings.

Sketch for a Painting. (Drawn on a piece of ribbed cardboard, part of a box—?). Probably the last drawing my father made, and dated within a few weeks only of his death. A composition of this sort (in certain other sketches more elaborate than it here appears) he had set his heart on painting; and it had advanced as far as outlining and first blocking-in, on a large wooden panel.

NINE PENCIL DRAWINGS

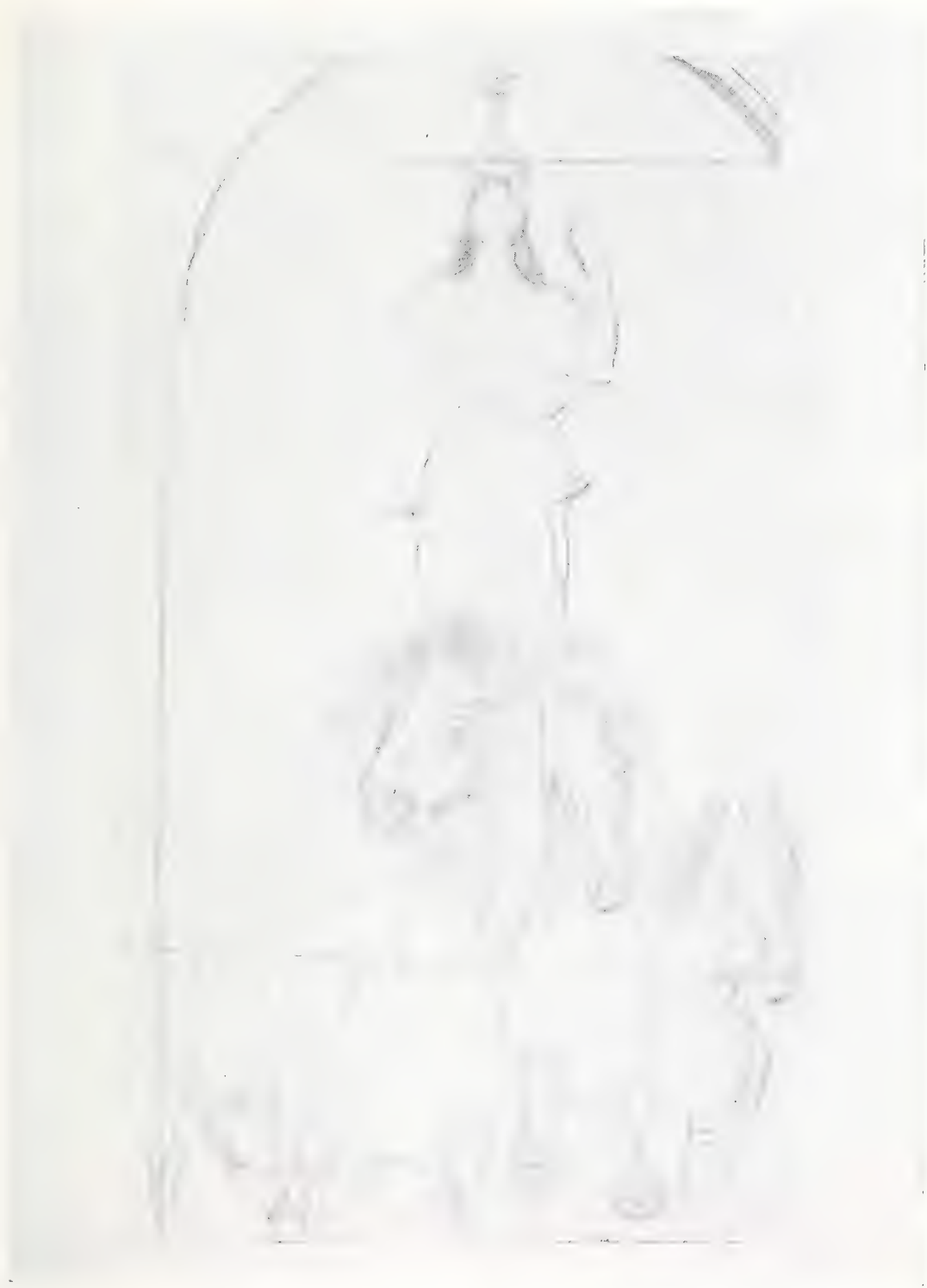
By THE LATE
ABBOTT H. THAYER
(COURTESY THAYER ESTATE)



SARDINIAN GIRL BY
ABBOTT H. THAYER



HEAD OF THE ARTIST'S
SON, AGED SIX YEARS
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



MINERVA DRIVING CHARIOT
STUDY FOR A DECORATION
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



International
Studio

STUDIES FOR PAINTINGS (1896-98)
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



The International
Studio

THE ARTIST'S SON
STUDY FOR A PAINTING
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



International
Studio

PORTRAIT OF MARY
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



The International
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GIRL ARRANGING HER HAIR
STUDY FOR A PAINTING
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



The International
Studio

SELF-PORTRAIT — 1919.
BY ABBOTT H. THAYER



International
Studio

SKETCH FOR A PAINTING—
1921. BY ABBOTT H. THAYER

Current Tendencies in Architecture

CURRENT TENDENCIES IN ARCHITECTURE I. THE FIREPLACE AND THE HEARTH

MINE own fireplace where I sit writing these fugitive thoughts recalls the brave days of old following the Civil War. Its style is variously known as Black Walnut, Victorian Gothic, or more democratically, as General Grant Gothic. By the latter, a young but virile republic repudiates leading strings, and announces boldly to the world that, under competent leadership, we can produce work as awful as another. Something touching there is in the way we honour the memory of our military genius. Nor let it be hinted that the occurrence is merely fortuitous; that another holding office at that moment would have received the distinction instead; a President Harrison Style, or Grover Cleveland Gothic is manifestly absurd.

The fireplace in question is of that chocolate marble which harmonises so well with its near kinsman, Black Walnut, Esq. It possesses, indeed, a certain architectural form, vaguely reminiscent of Egyptian mortuary work, with a surface ornament of incised lines inspired from some French château. A smattering of finer ornament, not visible in the sketch, is accented with gold leaf. The whole effect sounds dismal beyond words, I confess, and candid friends have asked why I do not tear it out and put in something modern—jazzy, I presume, though they did not use the term.

To this proceeding, which has been seriously contemplated, two objections are urged. To begin with, I don't like something modern, jazzy; even a modified form of jazz, near-jazz it may come to be called. In short, I prefer an ugly old thing to an ugly new one. But the real objection is subtle, and far more difficult to voice. For, in the last analysis, what, in such a situation, is modern? Wouldn't it be modern, after removing the Victorian—I beg pardon, the General Grant fireplace—to find an antique, say of the McIntyre type, transposed bodily from Salem and fitted in as best may be. Or still more modern, import a Jacobean mantel from England. Most modern of all were the acquisition of a mediæval

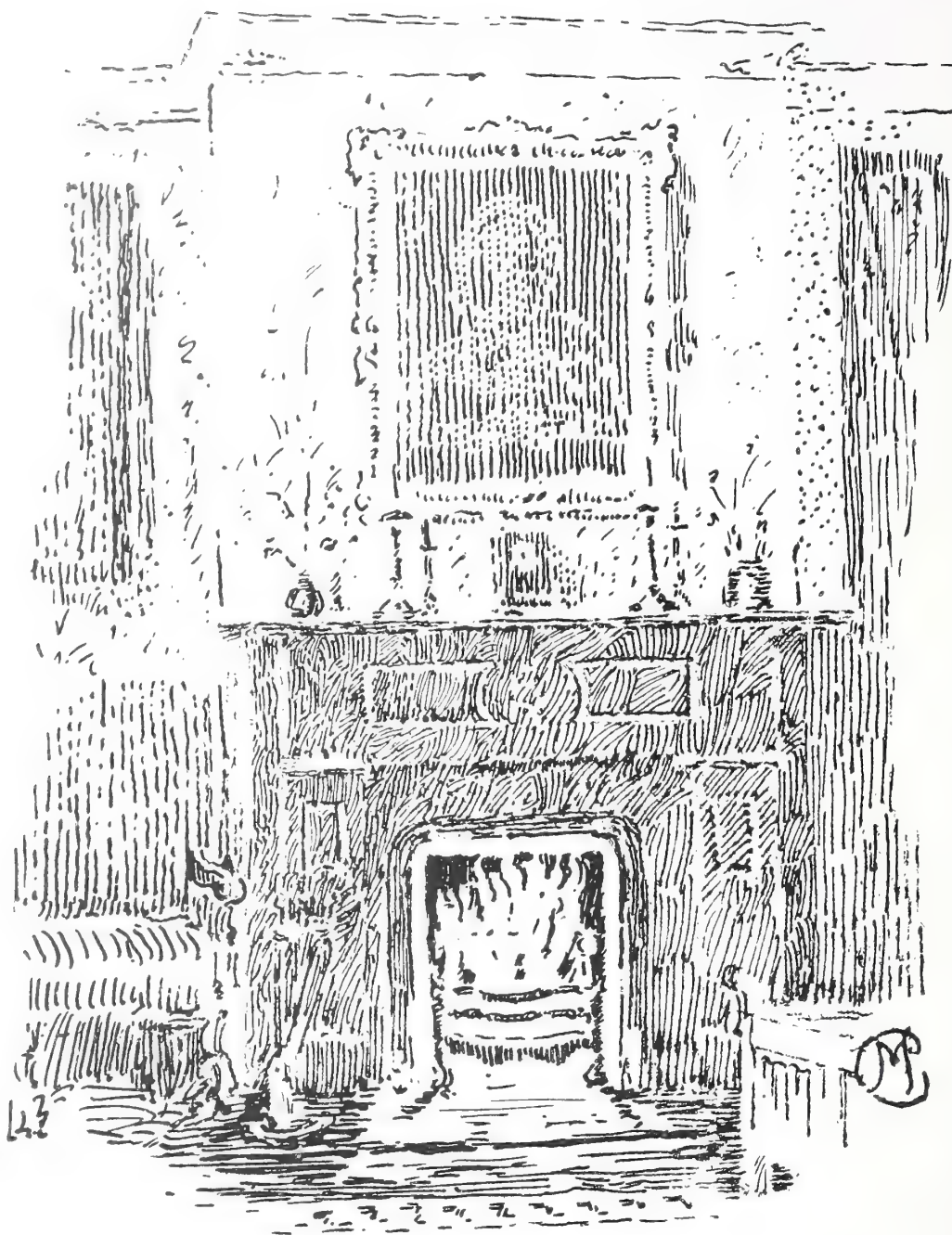
bit from the continent, a feat rendered possible by the financial strain of the war. Which brings us to the great paradox: the more modern you want to be, the farther back you have to go.

The craze for antiques, especially in the east, is not to be ignored. It has, however, redeeming features. In so far as it brings before the public objects of real merit, and many antiques are that, in so far as it induces a study of these, it tends to elevate public taste and to arouse interest in what has too long suffered neglect. Its drawbacks are obvious. But for better, for worse, it is with us, and whoso attempts to ignore it, reckons without his host. It is, in a word, a *factor* in modern art.

All art may be said to have a triple basis; primo, the preferences or prejudices of the people, what we call public taste; secundo, its economic aspect; and finally, it has physical limitations. The last, which usually in the past dominated architecture, may today be considered under control. My chocolate mantel may be replaced with almost any material. Nor is the problem essentially economic, in this sense at least, that a simple stone or even white marble facing would cost less than carved wood. In short, if I am willing to spend the money, I can do what I like.

Perhaps this very *embarras des richesses* makes it hard for us to choose. No one can produce a masterpiece until he cares passionately for what he is doing. We have money; to complain that we lack time is absurd, anyone can find time for what he loves; nor should the economic situation be longer used as a scapegoat. So much has been written of late about the exorbitant cost of hand made work that we accept it as proved by force of repetition; but a little research brings a different point of view. It is at best grossly unfair to the craftsman, who, often underpaid, struggles along in the face of discouragement with little but the love of his art to sustain him. Documents prove that early craftsmen, who executed the mantels so eagerly sought after today, were far better treated; that their patrons spent more freely on the decoration *in proportion to the whole*.

The fireplace I have chosen as subject of



MINE OWN
FIREPLACE

MURRAY P.
CORSE

Current Tendencies in Architecture

my introductory essay as being the centre of the home; by it more surely than by the friends he keeps may we know the owner's character. He who "spreads himself" on the outside (especially the entrance) but is satisfied with the first stock mantelpiece he sees, is thinking primarily of what others think of him. For by the hearth, if ever, our real personality develops; before the fireplace are spent the really intimate moments of our life. That these in the hurly-burly of modern competition, are only too few, is but an added reason for making them perfect.

To pay overmuch attention to what others think of us, is an essentially American failing. This it seems to me is largely responsible for the confused state of our fine arts. Not stingy as a race, nor indifferent to beauty, nor unwilling to spend on it, we yet seem to have some besetting desire to get a little more than our money's worth, to "beat the game" as we say. "It is indeed a lovely mantel," a client once said to me, "but it seems a dreadful price to pay for anything so simple." In vain I pointed out the beauty of hand-cut mouldings; the necessity of a craftsman, superior not only in technical skill, but in artistic experience as well. She finally obtained a piece elaborate with cast ornament, which cost more but gave her the temporary satisfaction of "getting her money's worth"; but in the end, I feel sure, she was not satisfied; could she ever sit down before it to a quiet evening without being confronted by the monotony of mechanical reproduction, which is about as restful as the endless clack of a typewriter? Restful, if nothing more, the simpler design would unquestionably have been.

Now we are confronted with perhaps the one great physical limitation, The Machine and its work. This seems to be our Frankenstein. Some have gone bravely to meet it, like Ralph Adams Cram on the heroic battle field of Bryn Athyn, (the history of which I hope to detail ere long); some have lain down before it, declaring that Art is ended; too many of us have tried to ignore the matter completely, like the Christian Scientist caught out in the rain without an umbrella. Some solution on a large scale will be found eventually; on a small scale there is no excuse for

giving in. My fireplace, whatever else it is, shall not be "turned out by the thousand."

Of the Fireplace theme, two main variations are possible, that which comes out to meet you, as it were, and that which sets discreetly back of the wall surface. In a general way they correspond to the two great antagonists of modern architecture, the Classic and the Gothic. Lines of demarcation are not sharp; even in Gothic times, when circumstances required, the fireplace was inset; but the mongrel type, usually the result of indecision, and seen altogether too frequently, is easier to appreciate than to describe. The contrasting spirit may be admirably seen in the illustrations, both of hearths designed by architects for themselves. Parenthetically, the work that an architect does for himself is often more illustrative than any other, and he is unhampered by the personality of a client. Both examples are admirably expressive; that of Mr. Dana, depending as it does on colour, exquisite turquoise blue woodwork with a narrow facing of polished Sienna marble, is less effective in the illustration; that of Mr. Van Pelt's, more appropriate in its informality to the country house; both are the products of sincere artists capable of putting their ideals into concrete form.

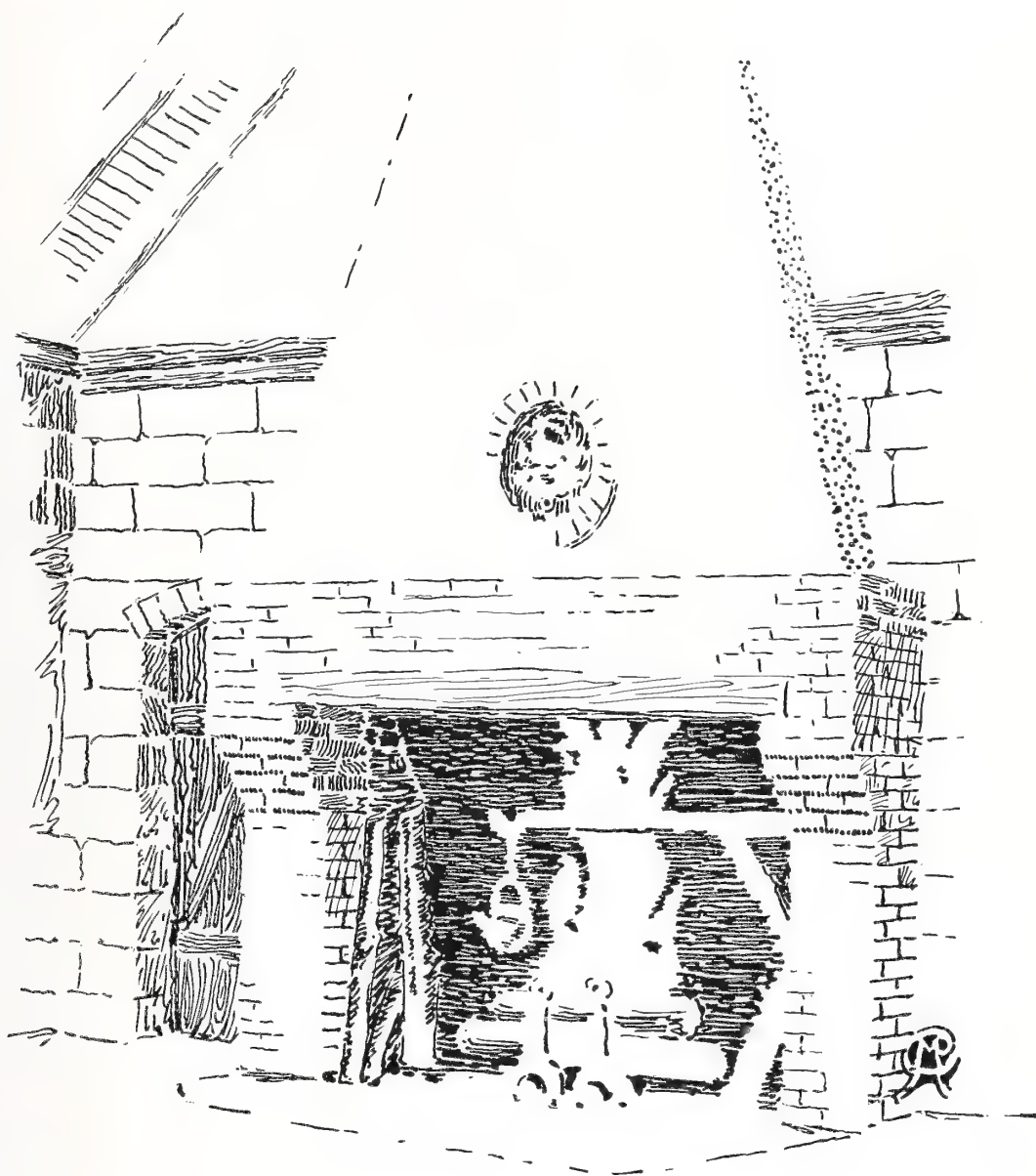
If this article seems to wander too far from its subject, *Current Tendencies*, the moral is this: we see here plainly the two main factors at work today, namely the love for antiques, and the obligation to face the machine problem. Both problems have been met by both architects, each in his own way. The results, critics may complain, are not "original." In a sense they are not, but in the same sense nothing good ever was. Certainly not the Parthenon. My Black Walnut mantel is. Perhaps that is what I dislike most about it. Nobody ever did or ever could create something out of nothing. The Victorians tried to and got—nothing. Both Mr. Van Pelt's and Mr. Dana's work are felt to be distinct expressions of themselves. The mere fact that they are adapted to a new situation gives them a certain originality. Nor are they copied, any more than the façade of Rheims is copied from that of Paris.

In a scathing arraignment of modern archi-



MANTEL FROM HOME OF
"MOLLY STARK," 1876

MURRAY P.
CORSE



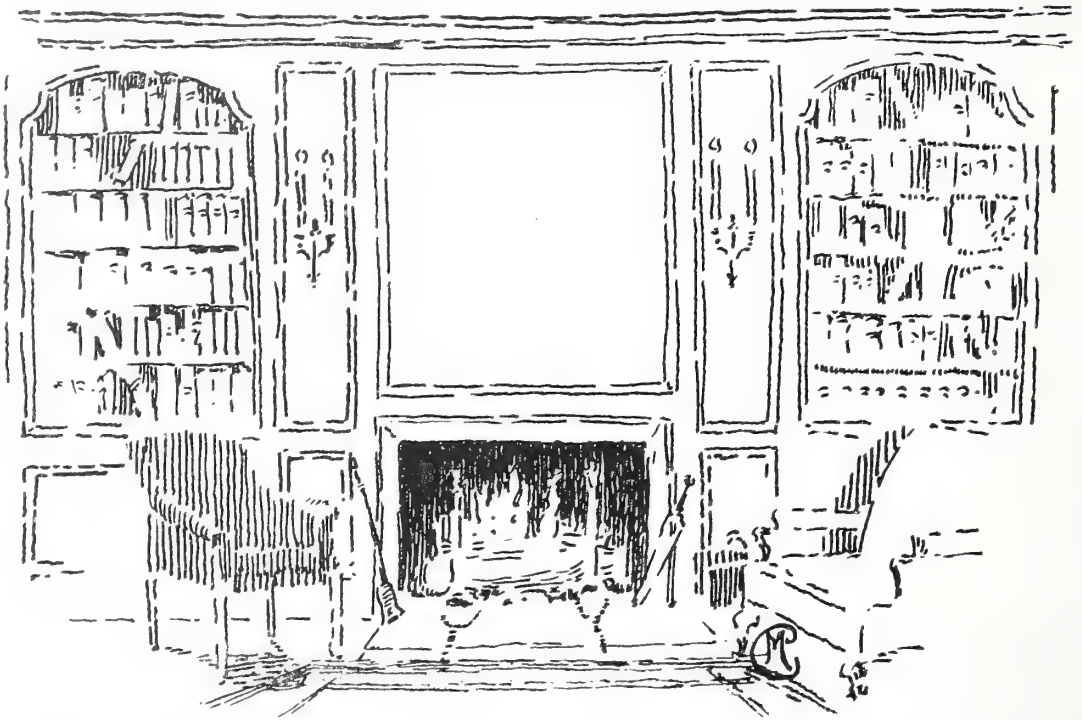
MANTEL FROM HOME OF
J. V. VAN PELT

MURRAY P.
CORSE

Current Tendencies in Architecture

ecture delivered before the American Institute of Architects, Mr. George Howe, an architect of Beaux Arts training but of irreproachable taste, declared that the Victorian style had at least enough vitality to maintain itself for a number of years, whereas modern fashions, (he could not dignify them with the name style), came and went, leaving no trace and having no effect on contemporary thought. The question of taste, he remarked, was beside the point. It would be difficult to reply directly to what Mr. Howe stated, yet there is another aspect. It must be obvious to anyone that the Victorians could not have cared passionately for their work. To care passionately for my chocolate mantel is inconceivable. Exceptions there were, like Richardson, but the majority were occupied

with what was correct, "gentlemanly," I believe the term was. The world had sunk into a polite apathy; it was bad form to care too much for anything. That we are pulling out of this is the most hopeful sign of all; confusion and lack of unity are a natural result. Let no one complain that it is a state of transition, the transitional state is often the most interesting to live in. What we do today, we may despise tomorrow; but if we do it with a full heart, we may feel something akin to divine inspiration, and we are paving a way for better things. The next ten years will see some startling developments; though there may be no "national style," our taste will grow more sure and we will begin to pull together. But for the present my chocolate mantelpiece will remain undisturbed.



FIREPLACE FROM THE APARTMENT
OF RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

MURRAY
P. CORSE



MRS. DAVID FORMAN
AND CHILD

CHARLES WILLSON
PEALE

A MERICANA NOTES
BY WINFRED PORTER
TRUESDELL

THE quest for American portraits has been going on for some time past, portraits of Americans by American painters of our earlier days. A subject of little public consideration some twenty years ago, these paintings are now coming to be recognised as having played no inconsiderable part in the advance of American nationality. Art may be the essential of the quest, but in their depiction of the historical background of the nation in its formative period there is further reason for much of the attraction these early

crude efforts have for us. In them we see our long forgotten forbears whose impress made the country we know possible; we see not only their portraits, artistic or otherwise, but the atmosphere in which they lived and their outlook upon life and the various activities of the time. They are historical documents and as necessary to our understanding of the spirit of the period as the printed word of history.

Messrs. M. Knoedler & Company have been showing this last month a group of important examples of Early American portraits, including one each by Copley, Charles Willson Peale and James Sharples, eight by Gilbert Stuart, and three by Thomas Sully. Of



PORTRAIT OF
MRS. BRYAN BARRETT

GILBERT
STUART

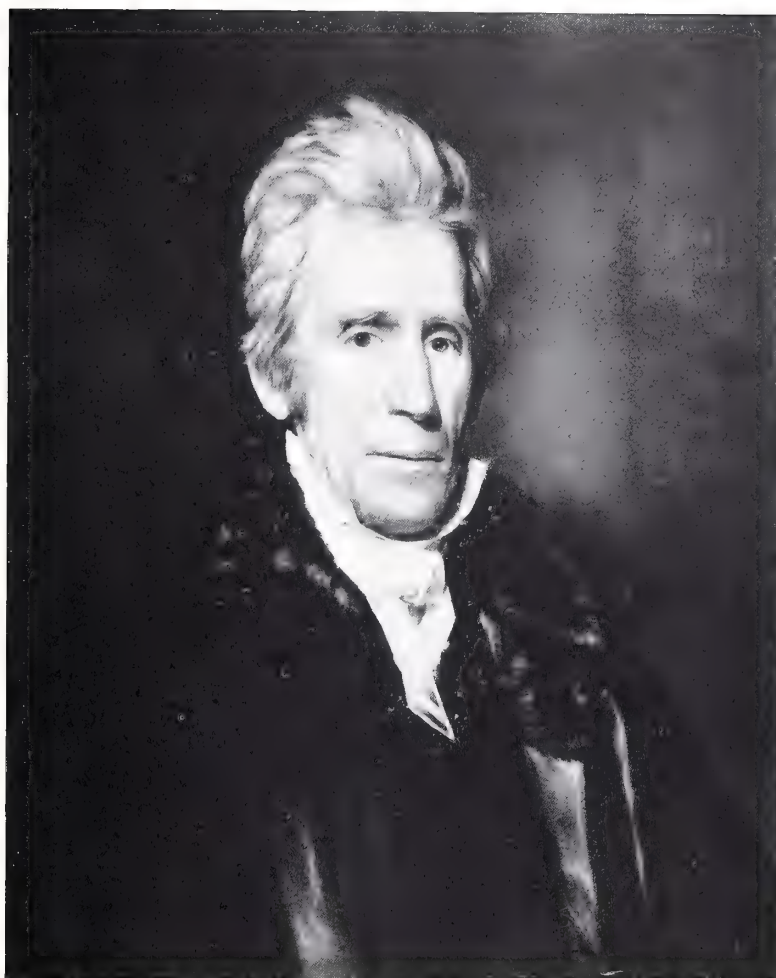
these, the Stuarts are the more important and include one of twelve portraits of Washington, formerly the prized possession of "Light Horse Harry Lee," of the type showing the right side of the face, as well as the more common "Athenæum" type, of the left side. It is of interest to note also that the *Portrait of Mrs. Bryan Barrett* is one of those painted during his sojourn in England, and now returning to America. This lady, of Stockwell, in Surrey, was daughter of Jonathan Tyers, Esq. The canvas is from the collection of Lieutenant Colonel Boyd C. P. Hamilton, of Brandon House, England. It is chosen for illustration for the nonchalance of pose and transparency of colour so typical of

Stuart at his best.

Charles Willson Peale is one of the most important of these early painters; his career as a portrait painter had its beginning coincident with the events leading up to the War of Independence, and we are indebted to him for many portraits of Revolutionary leaders and others of whom no other likenesses exist. We have illustrated his portrait of *Mrs. David Forman and Child*. It lacks the grace of Stuart's work, the colours are colder, and the outlines hard, the pose is more formal too, but it forms an excellent foil to that of Stuart, and shows the strong influence of Copley, under whom he studied.

The American Art Association, in a recent

Americana Notes



PORTRAIT OF
ANDREW JACKSON

ARTIST
UNKNOWN

sale of "Americana Rarissima," introduced an innovation by including with the usual books, broadsides and autograph letters, a number of paintings of famous Americans. Among these we note two really excellent canvases of Washington Irving and Andrew Jackson. The Irving is attributed to Washington Allston. The Jackson, unsigned, lacks attribution, but is a very convincing likeness in so far as it resembles other portraits with which we are familiar. These two are illustrated as well on account of their excellence as for the public interest displayed in them.

In the last number of *The Brooklyn Museum Quarterly* there is an important article on the work of Ralph Earl, one of our earliest

American painters, and one about whom there has been much conflicting and slipshod comment by writers on art.

Mr. Morgan quite disposes of the fallacies of these earlier writers and succeeds in painting for us a convincing word picture of the life and work of the artist. Much of the charm of Earl lies in the fidelity with which he has depicted local colour and preserved the spirit of his time. A characteristic of his work usually referred to is that of painting his sitter by an open window, through which may be seen a landscape showing a homestead; further, his portraits are veritable fashion plates. His earlier work is quite in the style of Copley and is so described by. Dunlap and



PORTRAIT OF
WASHINGTON IRVING

ATTRIBUTED TO
WASHINGTON ALLSTON

others, but few realize the great resemblance of the paintings of his later years to those of Stuart. The article in question illustrates the *Portrait of Rev. Truman Marsh* from the collection of the Museum, quite in the manner of Copley, while in direct contrast to this in the exhibition at Messrs. Knoedler's there is shown a *Portrait of the Wife of the Artist*, which would not disgrace the signature of Stuart. The former is cold, uncompromising and austere in character, while the latter shows a genial warmth of tone and graceful poise. Curiously enough neither of these portraits shows the proverbial background of a landscape through an open window, but in-

stead well-filled shelves of books.

Earl seems to have led an eventful life, having been twice married, and deserting both wives. He was intemperate in his habits and it is to this that the uneven quality of his work is ascribed. He is thought to have studied under Sir Joshua Reynolds, but if so without trace of the teaching of that master being discernible in his paintings. His intemperate habits finally caused his death in 1801. It is interesting to remember that he was the author of the original sketches "taken on the spot," from which Doolittle engraved his four crude views of the Battle of Lexington, Concord, etc.

On the Decorative Arts



RINGS OF SCARAB, LAPIS, SAPPHIRE,
RUBIES AND PEARL, SET IN GOLD

FROM THE WORKSHOP
OF MARIE ZIMMERMAN

ON THE DECORATIVE ARTS

It is a hopeful sign that some of our craftsmen are turning their attention to beautifying the objects of daily use, and that they are not content with furnishing designs alone, but they themselves carry them out to their final completion. The result is a harmony of intention and execution which is seldom found when a craftsman is given another's idea to bring to fruition. We are but beginning to glimpse that far horizon where art once formed an integral part of life, when it found expression even in the most subordinate bit of decoration or detail.

In the days of great æsthetic impulse, no artist was too proud to lavish his talents upon the little things of utility or some small decorative item, and only the other day at an exhibition of paintings by a well-known American artist, one's attention was captured at once, upon entering the gallery, by the beauty of a finely wrought frame that encircled one of the pictures. It was a fantasy of beautiful carving, very sculptural in feeling, whose design was imaginative yet purely decorative in treatment. The hand of a master was unmistakable. At once the query, "Who was the master?" And one felt a little awed but not the least amazed at the answer, "It is credited to Sansovino." So it was that one

of the greatest sculptors of his time occupied a leisure hour.

And so I say that it is a hopeful sign that we are beginning to demand that the things we have about us for daily use should manifest an art feeling. Miss Marie Zimmerman has put on view at the Ehrich Galleries examples of her work that range from her more pretentious essays in wrought iron to the smaller things for personal use. The gold and silver bowls, mounted on metal stands and beaten into simple forms without ornament to hide the beauty of their surfaces, boxes of silver with handles of jade, crystal and ivory that have been conceived to serve varied purposes, are all particularly happy in their conception and execution.

Miss Zimmerman has the gold and silversmith's gift rather than that of the smith who forges the more robust metal. Her touch is more readily suited to the mounting of precious stones that develop into interesting pieces of jewelry, or in fashioning cunning handles that hold great clumps of ostrich feathers—royal plumage for milady's fan. Hers is an art that should be encouraged, because our need is great. We require every weapon to fight the dark ages of ugliness from which we are just emerging.

In quite a different mood are the little figurines of Mrs. George Oakley Totten, Jr., better known in Sweden, her native land—as

On the Decorative Arts

Vicken Van Post. These little figures proclaim a unique talent, for they have none of the insipid immobility or the artificial vivacity that so many examples of these sculptures in miniature portray. They are rather the outcome of little bursts of humour, of sympathetic insight into the pathos and pleasures of youths and maidens, and a sentiment for the joy and poetry of life. These qualities Mrs. Totten has caught and made permanent in clay, so that each piece reveals an individuality—a feeling all its own.

The production of this particular form of art is fraught with difficulties because of the need of very special facilities. Mrs. Totten conceived the idea of co-operating with the Rörstrand factories in Stockholm, whose porcelains and glazes, somewhat similar to those of the Copenhagen, are well known. The hard porcelain body lends itself well to the production of delicate details and the underglaze painting has a "glitter and go" that is spontaneous and refreshing. The number of duplicates must of necessity be limited if they are to be kept up to an art



CARVED AMBER MOUNTED
IN ENAMELED GOLD
WITH CARNELIANS

WORKSHOP
OF MARIE
ZIMMERMAN

standard, and their success as a commercial venture is uncertain—yet the Swedish factories were willing to take the risks for the sake of encouraging an art expression. Have we any pottery factories in this country who would undertake such a project?



JADE BUTTERFLY WITH
EMERALD SCARAB AND
CABACHON DROPS

WORKSHOP
OF MARIE
ZIMMERMAN

About a dozen years ago, Mme. Maria Gallenga, a craftsman of Rome, discovered the secret of applying silver and gold to velvets, satins and the most delicate chiffons and muslins, without in any way affecting the soft or lustrous texture of the fabric. The process of hand blocking has thus found a new medium of expression and she uses her craft in an eminently practical way, applying it to hangings and stuffs for decorative purposes, and upon gowns and costumes, which through their workmanship and design are raised to the standard of an art product. Every detail is fashioned by hand as in the days of the Middle Ages and Renaissance from which periods Mme. Gallenga says she has found the source of her inspiration. Her work is to be seen at the Arden Galleries. H. T.



Courtesy Milch Gallery

YOUNG GIRL ARRANGING
HER HAIR

ABBOTT H. THAYER
FRAME ATT'D TO SANSOVINO

STUDIO TALK

THESE, as I see them, have been the events of the month. First and foremost, the exhibition of paintings and drawings by Abbott H. Thayer, at the Milch Galleries; second, the exhibition of the Brooklyn Society of Etchers, held at the Brooklyn Museum. Thereafter follow, in no kind of order, Bellows and Overton Colbert at Montross's, Schaler at the Anderson galleries, Whistler etchings and lithographs (a splendid collection of the latter) at Harlow's. And for sheer enjoyment the Krauschaar exhibition. [I omit such events as the neo-classic Japanese exhibition at the Metropolitan and the Russell Cheney show at Babcock's for no better reason than that I have not been able to find time to visit them.]

It is the continual joy of cynics to remind us that we reserve our greatest honours until the recipient has left us. I cannot help feeling that this is not only inevitable, but just. So long as the element of progress is there, there can be no just appraisal. We are confronted with isolated achievements, often wholly unrelated, and have no means of welding them into a coherent whole. The death of an artist, however, makes public not only the facts of his life, but allows us to look into his workshop. We are able to follow the lines along which the artist's mind was working, and may compare his achievements with his studies.

This is the value of the Thayer exhibition at Milch's. When set along side of the Memorial exhibition to be held at the Metropolitan next March it will doubtless pale. Thayer's great works are not there. But these drawings, water-colours and canvases (some unfinished) give a picture of Thayer the man, which will lend the memorial exhibition a new significance. The life of a man is not spent in the making of masterpieces.

Bellows and Overton Colbert in adjoining rooms do not agree. Even the *Padre* and *Mrs. T.* agree better. They belong at least in the same world. But I realize that I can not speak of Colbert. I grasp his symbolism

and enjoy his design, but I am not sure that that is what he wishes. One day he shall have a chance to speak for himself and his pictures in colour shall corroborate.

For Bellows, I cannot feel that he is a landscapist. I do not believe that he ever sees a landscape. If he did he could not paint a cow so, or water so, or those pasteboard hills. No, these serve to keep the hand free and the wrist supple for the portraits.

I believe that Bellows is the biggest figure painter in America. There is a distinction about these portraits (whether good as portraits I know not) that the others lack. Seyffert has it. Ipsen has it. Speicher shows occasionally that he has it strongly (vide December issue). But Bellows has it pre-eminently.

I spoke shortly of Van Vleet Tompkins last month. Here is his landscape. It is not quite lost in the black and white, and your imagination may supply the lacunæ. Place the page at a distance and admit that it is a handsome piece of work, constructed all of one piece.

I know nothing of Shaler, but what the catalogue and a visit to his show have told me. His talents were greater than his achievements. He died too young to leave a deep mark. But nevertheless I take hope. Are there not surely a hundred Shalers in America today, unknown as he? And may not one achieve greatness?

And so to Brooklyn. The etchers are in full force with 287 exhibits. The level is high, but the highlights are few. These men stand out: Arms, Borein, Burr, Cleo Damianakes, Kerr Eby, Heintzelmann, Orr, Reynolds, Roche, Simmons. . . There are others: Benson (not well represented), Detwiller (strong but not entirely convincing in his shipyards), Hall, Hassam (very much himself and the better for that), Higgins (off colour and smudgy), Jacques (not sufficiently himself), Roy Partridge (a prize-winner, free in his drawing of foregrounds, but too fond of sharp gradations of light and shade), Shope, Stanley Woodward (decorateur in black and white).



Courtesy Anderson Galleries

THE
DANCERS

FREDERICK
R. SHALER



Courtesy Montross Gallery

THE
PADRE

GEORGE
BELLOWS



Courtesy Montross Gallery

PORTRAIT OF MRS. T.
IN WINE SILK

GEORGE
BELLOWS



Kraushaar Galleries

LANDSCAPE

VAN VLEET TOMPKINS



THE FROG OF THE TOUR
CHARLES VIII, AMBOIS

ETCHING BY
JOHN TAYLOR ARMS

Studio Talk

But above all Arms, Borein, Burr, Eby, Orr, Roche. Arms is the finest technician in the show and his gargoyles show a mastery hard to find in American etching. Arms is not strong on imagination, but give him a subject suited to his needle and there is no one to touch him. Look at the *Frog*. It is no matter of clever printing. Every line is in the plate. In this he resembles "Clean-wipe Orr." These two represent pure etching.

Borein, the cowboy etcher. Who knows but he may be the next collectors' darling? He has the marks, and a few more plates like *The Long Throw* . . . Who knows?

Eby is excellent in conception, but in detail lacking in distinction. What do all those lines mean? Is that wood, and where does the stone begin? Dull, technical questions, yes. But Eby's art is the art of representation.

Roche asked me to reproduce the *Song Sparrow*, a child listening to a bird's song. Why? I do not like it. I find distinction and charm in *The Spinnet*, although not certainly legitimate etcher's technique.

Brooklyn is worth a visit.

I know nothing of Maxcence (the elder Maxcence, I am told). I got this from the "Salon Française," at the Anderson Galleries. It is very beautiful.

At the Metropolitan some months ago three small Pisanos were put on view in the Recent Accessions Room separately. They have now been installed. My attention was drawn to them as I was being taken to see the new Della Robbia, which hangs close by. In the Della Robbia, I marvelled at the freshness of colour, and the amazing technique, my reaction to Pisano was quite other.

I referred above to the Kraushaar exhibition. This is perhaps not such a novelty as I have supposed, but the underlying idea is one which might be used more frequently. For here foreign and American work hang side by side, young Americans alternating with almost classic Frenchmen. The result is a most stimulating exhibition.

Here is a list of the pictures in the inside gallery, in the order that they hang: Luks' *Little Milliner*, a Jongkind Marine, a Gifford



Courtesy Keppel & Co.

THE LONG THROW

EDWARD BOREIN



Courtesy Keppel & Co.

OLD COOPERAGE
AT GRASSE

ETCHING BY
KERR EBY



Courtesy Brown-Robertson

THE SPINET

PAUL ROCHE



Courtesy Anderson Galleries

BRETON GIRL

MAXENCE



"THE APOSTLES," A PISAN
PULPIT (DUOMO, PISA?)

PILASTERS BY GIOVANNI PISANO
READING DESK OF SAME PERIOD

Studio Talk

Beal Marine, Sisley's *Morett: Sunset*, Augustus Vincent Tack's *The Glacier*, Fantin-Latour's *Ariadne*, two Prendergasts, Carrière's *Child with Cherries*, John Sloan's *The Wake of the Ferry*, Zuloaga's *Merceditas*, Jerome Myers' *The Autumn Dance*, Fantin-Latour's *Flowers* and Tack's *The Listeners*. Outside Courbet disputes with Halpert, and Bourdelle with Gaston Lachaise and Mahonri Young.

Tack looks the better for his tête-à-tête with Fantin-Latour and Myers for a slight squabble with Zuloaga. *Aside (in a hoarse whisper) Lachaise knocks Bourdelle all of a heap!*

CHICAGO

DURING the past few weeks Chicago art circles have been dizzied by a rapid succession of opening exhibitions. All of them are interesting, some of them are good, and one of them is refreshingly satisfactory. Three, at least, are of prime importance.

Harry B. Lachman, a former Chicagoan, having returned from France as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and with the unique distinction of being the only American artist with four pictures in the Luxembourg, has brought us over a hundred of his paintings of Italy and Normandy. Their exhibition was opened with a reception at the Drake Hotel presided over by Mary Garden, general director of our opera. As a social event it was interesting, but many of the canvases did not have a really fair showing until they were moved to the larger galleries of Carson, Pirie, Scott. Mr. Lachman's best work shows a youthful vigour and strength and a daring to undertake the difficult. In the Luxembourg painting, *The Valley of Grand Andely*, and in *The Grand Rue, Petit Andely*, and again in *Tivoli*, he proves his knowledge of the value of contrasting light and shadow. Of his architectural pieces, *The Bridge, Semur*, is one of the best. Dauntless industry and an impetuous ambition to produce are undoubtedly commendable traits and yet I wonder if they are not responsible for the somewhat uneven quality of these many pictures. The artist is faithful to detail, but there is a lack of imagination. I would rather he had painted fewer

landscapes and had sat down to dream with them more, had put into more of them that indefinable spirit that is in some of the better ones—that indefinable spirit that is France and is Italy to those who know the lands. I am not decrying Mr. Lachman's work. It is a keen appreciation of his best that makes me wish he would more often achieve it. Maybe I ask the impossible.

One of the most beautifully hung exhibitions in the recent history of the Art Institute now fills the galleries where the Thirty-fourth Annual Exhibition of American Painting and Sculpture is in progress. Wayman Adams' *Portrait of Edward Redfield* is brisk with an invigourating freshness. John Singer Sargent's *Rehearsal of the Pas de Loup Orchestra* is like nothing of his I have seen before. It is a hilarious, fantastic black-and-white conceit in which the notes from the rapid music fairly whirl up from the pit. He must have had a good time doing it. One of the notable canvases is *A Model* by Leopold Seyffert, who is now head of portrait painting in the Institute. This picture, which won the Temple Gold Medal at the Philadelphia Academy, is excellent in drawing and exquisite in colouring. The fact that Cecilia Beaux has done better work than *The Dancing Lesson*, which won the Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Logan Medal, is nothing against the picture. George Bellows' *Old Lady in Black* received the Norman Wait Harris Silver Medal. These and several other important canvases make the exhibition well worth seeing in spite of a number of mediocre things that make one want to know why they were selected instead of two or three that are found in the "Salon des Refusés"—a collection of pictures refused by the Art Institute. Certainly Aloysius G. Weimer's character study, *Dad and Mother*, is preferable to either John R. Grabach's *Young Girl*, or his *Girl With Striped Dress*, neither of which has character, health, or beauty, consequently giving little pleasure. All of the pictures are hung to the best possible advantage. Mr. Harshe has accomplished a miracle and is to be congratulated.

The exhibition which is to me the most

Studio Talk

satisfactory and probably will be to Chicago the most significant one of the fall is that of a selected group of contemporary and nearly contemporary American and French paintings at the Arts Club. A few of the pictures were shown in New York, but the collection was assembled by Mr. Forbes Watson especially for this exhibition at the Arts Club and it is remarkable not so much because it comprises canvases of the renowned Renoir, Cézanne, Picasso, Mary Cassatt, Manet, Matisse, Glackens, Redon, Courbet, Seurat, van Gogh, Marie Laurencin, Stella, and others of equal note, but because it includes many of their finest paintings, and because those paintings are the work of artists honestly seeking to find and to give the truth. They are an eloquent argument that makes the most recalcitrant reactionary pause and listen and at last be persuaded out of that unhappy delusion into which the mawkish brush-maunderings of poseurs has pushed him—a delusion

characterized by mutterings of "Art has gone all to the bad."

One cannot look at the six by van Gogh and escape the man's intensity. His delight in *The Postman* is as evident as the grim, gray realism in *The Plow*. The richness of colour and fullness of form in the two Renoirs provide joy for those who like less the severity of Derain's *Forest at Martigues* and his *Pine Tree*. Seurat's *La Poudreuse* is a triumph of his peculiar technique. And I have watched many a person stop with a catch of breath before the lyric colour and pure inspiration of Stella's *Nativity*. To me it is a colour song of the beauties we have lost because they are too subtle—too finely exquisite—for us to find on earth.

These are the things we need. They do what all art should do; they open up the hearts and the minds of men. And if they are some whom they do not fully convince, of them they ask questions and require



Musée du Luxembourg

UZERCHE

HARRY LACHMAN

Studio Talk



Musée du Luxembourg

THE VALLEY OF ANDELY

HARRY LACHMAN

answers that demand deeper thinking. They stir doubts in smug satisfaction; they rouse discussion and discussion is good for us. That is why they are significant. They give us a breath of fresh air. That is why they are satisfactory.

In the galleries of the dealers the holiday season brings out a varied assortment of prints, water colours, and oils, but little in the way of sculpture.

The Albert Roullier Galleries announce the annual exhibition of selected masterpieces of fine prints from the time of Rembrandt and Dürer through to the modern period of Lepère, Leheutre, and Anders Zorn. It is a gathering of the aristocracy of the print world and an excellent opportunity for a comparative study of the art, for the selection is made with the utmost discrimination.

In the House of O'Brien are hung canvases from the Boston Guild of Artists. I particularly like the quiet beauty of Harry A. Vincent's *Old Boat Houses—Provincetown*, and, near it, a small canvas by Gretchen W. Rogers who knows how to make light live in a still life. There are Porto Rican scenes by Herman Dudley Murphy, autumnal landscapes by William J. Kaula, and ship pictures by both G. L. Noyes and A. T. Hibbard. The simplicity and clean-cut lack of pretension in Mr. Hibbard's work are distinctly good. Some prize winning thumb-box sketches from the Salamagundy Club complete the O'Brien offering.

Ackermanns are showing recent portraits by Charles Sneed Williams, a young man who has the rare gift of painting the person behind the features.

Studio Talk

Andersons promise the early arrival of paintings by Lee Hankey, better known here as an etcher since his oils and water colours so rarely reach this country. Neoma Nagel's galleries in the Courtyard expect George Bellows' lithographs.

If the galleries continue through the winter with their present activity and give us displays as interesting as those with which they have begun the season, Chicago will increase her reputation as a centre of art that is worth while. Of course, in the strict sense of the word, there really isn't any other sort of art.

K. E. R.

PARIS

THE Autumn Salon is not a three-ring circus. It is a thirty-ring show. They have pictures, sculpture, furniture, designs for ships (the model of the Paris was there), clothes, wall-paper. The show is held in a place so big it frightens you.

The pictures left me pretty much unmoved—except the Russian group. Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to turn your respectable sheet red by suggesting that Bolshevism and art go together; for the catalogue shows that practically every Russian exhibitor resides in Paris. So, I suppose, they are refugees. Never mind what they are. Their paintings are worth-while. Gorgeous in colour, joyous in spirit, the product of sheer emotion, of a sense of living, the Russian group gave me a thrill. Names mean no more, perhaps, to your readers than they did to me. But I'll give a few. They're real painters and their very names sound like pictures—Boris Grigorieff, Milo Milovnovitch, Wassily Schonkhaiff, Nathalie Gontcharova, Savely Sorine, Chana Orloff (a sculptress, whose work will some day land in New York and make a noise), Serguëi Soudeikine—the leader of them, I should say, a magnificent painter; supremely gay, resplendent in his colour, a rare personality. Then there is Lacovleff with the really primitive impulse which modern ratiocination does not imitate. A dozen more, all worth-while.

To leave the Russian section was to go from light, life, colour, joy, abundant passion, into a scientist's workshop. Who was it that answered the student's inquiry as to how he blended his colours by saying, "I mix my paints with brains"? Was it Whistler? Everybody credits Whistler with art epigrams. If Whistler it was, then the deuce take him. All the French painters who exhibited at the Salon (not all, of course, but so nearly all that you can count the rest on your fingers) are mixing their paints with brains. They forget what the Russians know unconsciously; that is, to mix your paints with blood, with laughter, with song, with wine, with youth, which is the spirit of creation.

The spell of Cézanne hangs over the French like a gray-blue cloud. Cubism is as dead as a pickled herring. Out of three thousand pictures there were six cubistic abstractions. I counted. In Vienna, by the way—I shall come to Vienna later—not one cubistic picture hung upon the walls of the Secession show. Yet, though Cubism is dead, the Frenchmen are palpably puzzling at the problems Cézanne evolved. What will be the outcome only the future holds. For the present, French art seems to me to be a laboratory. Good enough. We've all got to study. But the product of the laboratory is science, not art. Mere intellect does not suffice. Art requires a flame.

There was a fine retrospective Daumier exhibit. An interesting Caillebotte retrospective exhibit also gained my attention—some fifty pictures by this almost unknown member of the impressionist group. A man with money, I believe—helped the rest of his crowd. Painted well, too. One said to oneself, "This is as good as Monet—nearly; that, as Sisley—almost; this, as Renoir—but not quite," etc., etc.

It is unfair, I suppose, to leave the salon without mentioning the few names that stood out from the rest. Yet as I consult my notes made while I looked at the show, the only moments of enthusiasm were evoked by the Russians. Good-bye, then, to the Salon d'Automne. No. Not quite good-bye. At the entrance stood a man selling leaflets for about a franc. I bought one. It contained a series of questions propounded by someone;

and the answers of about fifty artists. I preserved a copy of the leaflet; so carefully that I cannot put my hands on it. Such, however, were the questions: What are the relations of the artist, (a) to the public, (b) to the dealer, (c) to art? What is art striving for today? How shall the artist make a living?

The artists answered as they saw fit. The directors of the next Independent show might profitably try a similar experiment.

Why the Autumn show at Vienna is called the Secession exhibition (except for the fact that the exhibitors are the younger men who have not been elected to the Vienna Academy—called the Kuenstler House—a place looked upon as of the past generation) Heaven only knows. Scarcely a picture would be found too radical or modern for that Holy of Holies, the Academy in New York. This is not to say the Vienna show is not good. On the contrary, it is of a high order of sound modern painting.

But it is not of the Austrian painting I wish to write. I am incurably Philistine about art; incurably practical; I cannot help being interested in the question of the purchase and sale of pictures; I cannot resist any opportunity of trying to make Americans wish to buy American paintings by living American painters. Hence my article in the October Studio. Hence my auction sale last May of seventy-five of my own pictures. Hence my article, "Art and Wall Street" a year ago in the *Weekly Review*, etc., etc.

On many such occasions I have laid on the painters themselves a portion of the blame for their failure to sell their pictures. I have blamed them because, whereas the poet sells his sonnet for ten dollars so that it may but see the light, the American painter, forgetting that Ruysdael and Hobbema are not thought less of because they died in a poor-house, puts a price of hundreds of dollars on his picture, for fear that it will be thought valueless if he puts a low price on it. The painter whether for fear of the dealer, the public or his fellow craftsmen, has not the courage to sell a picture for ten or twenty or forty dollars. What is the result? Last year's Independent show

must have contained fifteen hundred pictures. Not twenty were sold, and the sales at Academy shows, and all other American exhibitions, are just as small.

Let us look at the case of Vienna.

The Secession show is a small one. In all, one hundred and sixty pictures are exhibited. Of these, seventy have been sold. I had an actual count made.

Vienna is, as everyone knows, in a fearful financial plight. Before the war, a dollar did not quite buy six kronen. Today a dollar buys over six thousand. This means that the cultured, income possessing people of Vienna are bankrupt. A man who in 1914 had an income of 100,000 kronen was rich. That same income today buys him one suit of clothes; or twenty taxi rides or twenty dinners. Yet despite this condition of affairs, the pictures sold extraordinarily. Why? Partly because the people in Vienna have seen kronen drop from six to the dollar to six thousand to the dollar and therefore have little faith in their own money. As a result of which, things possessing an intrinsic value—objects of art, rugs, pictures, etc., have come to their own as definitely valuable assets. Partly this explains the large purchases, but chiefly they are explained by the prices at which the pictures are offered.

The highest price asked for any picture in the whole show was 100,000 kronen, or about \$16, about the price in Vienna of a respectable suit of clothes,—that is to say, the price in terms of buying power was about \$50. The average price was about 50,000 kronen or about \$8. Which is better,—to sell your picture at \$20 or keep it at \$200?

"Which is the wiser course for the American painters?" I asked my companion. "And before they answer, let them remember this. Every time a picture of theirs gets on somebody's walls, they are expressing themselves just as does the poet who publishes a sonnet, but their canvas, stuck away in a corner of their studio, is a flower withering in the desert. It dies of thirst."

"Thirst?" said my companion. "Have you tried a quart of the excellent Hungarian champagne they sell in Vienna for thirty cents?"

J. N. R.

BOOK REVIEWS

BD. H. BURNHAM; Architect, Planner of Cities. By Charles Moore. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. Two volumes. Illustrated in full colour. \$20.00.

What a responsibility it is to write of another man's life! Of his character, his ideals, his achievements! If one venture beyond mere biography, if one attempt other than a *curriculum vitae*, he thereupon assumes judicial authority, proclaiming himself the wielder of analytical power, the possessor of particular knowledge and insight into another's mental processes and material affairs. Especially is such the case in portraying a figure of one's own time: For need genius be illuminated beyond record of its works; and can mediocrity attain high place even with fulsome praise.

In the recently issued book, "D. H. Burnham; Architect, Planner of Cities," the author goes beyond the range of a biography. He recounts the history of American architecture. He chronicles the progress of city planning in America. In these arts, he spot-lights the achievements of his leading character without waiting for time to permit or soften censure, and didactic analysis to replace eulogistic praise. One questions the author's knowledge of another's innermost thoughts, even to religious tenets; the author's privilege of summary and *ex cathedra* statement, especially in aspects of a profession to which a mastery of the subject material is commonly considered essential for essay or treatise. For let it be noted that this book by Charles Moore is not one of personal reminiscence, but a résumé of the professional life and work of one in high place in the architectural annals of his time.

Compare for example the admirably thorough work of the architect Fiske Kimball in the splendid volume, "Thomas Jefferson, Architect," published a few years ago as a memorial to Jefferson's great-great-grandson. No potential archive was left unexplored, no map or plan of known existence apparently left unexamined, no avenue of research untravelled. With result, that out-spoken judgments of the previous recorder, Glenn Brown,

likewise architect but obviously less painstaking in research, are shown to be in error by documents and drawings presented for the first time ninety years after Jefferson's death, in this worthy tribute to the architectural genius of our third president. Charles Moore's book leaves unmentioned and unrecorded the mass of studies, designs and memoranda, unquestionably as yet available, which would settle for all time questions of credit due on the many public projects with which Burnham was associated,—the authorship in design of which may become a point of controversy by the very assignment of honours in Mr. Moore's account.

Somewhat detailed information of the books with which a man surrounds himself gives definition to a portrait of his character. In the case of an architect, the date of acquisition of the various portions of his library, association of books with his travels, his fondness for certain authorities, throws light on his sources of inspiration, his allegiance to various precedents and styles. Mr. Moore could well have followed Fiske Kimball's example in devoting some portion of his book to this purpose. It may safely be said that Burnham turned to men for aid and stimulus as Jefferson did to books; which may give reason for the prodigal space throughout the book allotted to Burnham's contemporaries. So *in extenso* are many of the accounts that the figure of Burnham is nearly hidden from sight by subsidiary characters; the number of which, moreover, gives almost effect of a modern Plutarch. Mr. Moore's reference to all characters introduced is so uniformly laudatory as to seem ingratiating, and precludes critical quality in his writing. We are grateful, however, for the added light thrown on such noble characters as McKim and Millet, as well as to encounter lesser known artists in Root, Atwood and Codman. The latter, whose "knowledge of formal setting was greater than that of all others put together," to quote the words of D. H. Burnham, died at the very offset of his career; a parallel case with that of President Elliot's son, memorialized in the well known account, "Charles Elliot, Landscape Architect."

The best portions of the book are those

Book Reviews



From The Whistler Journal

E. R. AND J.
PENNELL

based on Burnham's letters and personal memoranda. The diary extracts are as exact and terse as those of Samuel Pepys. The cablegram from Burnham in London to Senator McCall in Washington, regarding a monumental entrance way to the capital: "There is not a shadow of a doubt that a peristyle,—as shown by us before I left for Europe, is the right solution," has all the naïveté of Benvenuto Cellini's "Vita da lui medesimo scritta." The sayings of Burnham, which largely make up the last chapter, "Methods of thought and work," gathered by Willis Polk and Edward H. Bennett, both of whom had opportunity of knowing Mr. Burnham intimately in the drafting room, are vital to the picture, and as essential in the portrayal of Burnham's character as the anecdotes told by Vasari throughout his "Lives of the Artists." In fact, a man speaks best through his letters, chronologically arranged, elucidated by brief remarks here and there by a sympathetic compiler. One had hoped for personal remi-



TWO LITHOGRAPHS BY
J. MC N. WHISTLER

niscences of D. H. Burnham, or by him, in character of the fascinating volumes "Reminiscences of August St. Gaudens" by his son, based largely on autobiography; one finds instead a history of Burnham's affairs, together with much extraneous material. We must content ourselves as yet with the creditable Burnham monograph issued by The Architectural Record, July, 1915, the articles contributed by such authorities as Peter B. Wright, William E. Parsons and A. N. Rebori. What a pity that D. H. Burnham, the man, could not have disassociated himself from D. H. Burnham, Architect and City Planner, sufficiently, or in time, to have written an autobiography. Would he not have revealed that there were not one but two personalities, both apart from his private self; and, like Edward Bok, applauded and criticised each in turn.

GEORGE BURNAP.

THE WHISTLER JOURNAL. By E. R. and J. Pennell, Authors of The Authorized Life

Book Reviews

of James McN. Whistler, Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated. \$8.50.

What a pleasure it is to be able to praise unreservedly. Or, better still, to forget praise in sheer enjoyment.

Here is a book after my own heart. Not a formal book, demanding respect, challenging criticism. Not the usual art book, pretentious, but betraying the maker's incapacity on every page. Such a book as this disarms criticism, puts it right out of court. Properly speaking, it is not a book at all. Even *Journal* is too formal a title. It is a great, bulging scrap-book, filled to the brim with notes, oddities, sketches, caricatures, memories, of half a hundred people. So full you wonder how the covers hold it all. And yet without the bulk and intolerable weight of a real scrap-book. A scrap-book in miniature, such as you carry around with you, and dive in where and when you please. And, boon of boons, indexed at the end. To have crammed all this material into a square 8vo. is an achievement. Other publishers please note.

I do not know whether the Pennells will rank with Boswell among the world's biographers. I do not know whether later readers will find in their records of Whistler the same flavour. But I do know that no artist, or writer, has ever devoted the years of unsparing labour to the memory of another artist that these two have given to the memory of their friend. Such things should and will be remembered.

It is pleasant to say nice things about Joseph Pennell, just as it is sometimes amusing to indulge in a slight altercation with him. And this reminds me that in an editorial recently I did him—unwittingly—an injustice. Mr. Pennell did not say all the things attributed to him in the *Times* interview on the French exhibit at the Metropolitan, and I have since learned that the interview was corrected. Mr. Pennell harbours a very sincere respect for the finest work of van Gogh and Gauguin. Cézanne, he says, is a duffer.

But I am not discussing the Whistler *Journal* and for a very good reason. Whatever I, or anyone else, might say of Whistler, how-

ever laudatory, would only rouse the author's ire. And I desire, for the present, nothing so much as peace, perfect peace.

I will only repeat that the book is full to the brim of good things, scattered helter-skelter through the pages. Do not sit down at first and read from the beginning. Fish a little and whet the appetite. Soon you will grow accustomed to the jerky, disconnected style, and the whole will take shape as a portrait composed from many angles of an artist and his friends.

ART AND ARTISTS OF INDIANA. By Mary Q. Burnet. The Century Company. Illustrated 8vo. \$6.00.

What a number of painters Indiana can claim. George Winter, Jacob Cox, William M. Chase, Samuel Richards, J. Otis Adams, Otto Stark, T. C. Steele, Wayman Adams, Daniel Garber . . . here are but a few of the men and women Mary Burnet has collected. And when we come to the *Who's Who in Art*, the number seems endless.

I confess that I am most interested in the early chapters of the book which deal with the early men who worked there. I would like to know more of W. R. Freuman (or is it Freeman?), and especially would I like to see Charles Alexander Leseuer treated at greater length. The self-portrait and drawing by the latter artist are exceedingly interesting. This artist worked at New Harmony from 1815-1837, drawing a pension from the French Government the while for scientific work. He was recalled to France and made curator of the Museum at La Havre. But he can fairly be claimed for Indiana and an effort should be made to collect material relating to him.

Among Leseuer's activities here recorded are scenes painted for productions by the New Harmony Thespian Society. He seems to have been a wizard into the bargain, for in one play he constructed a magpie which actually flew, an occurrence unparalleled in the history of the stage!

Will not someone find out more about this artist? If the results are what I anticipate the columns of *The International Studio* are open.

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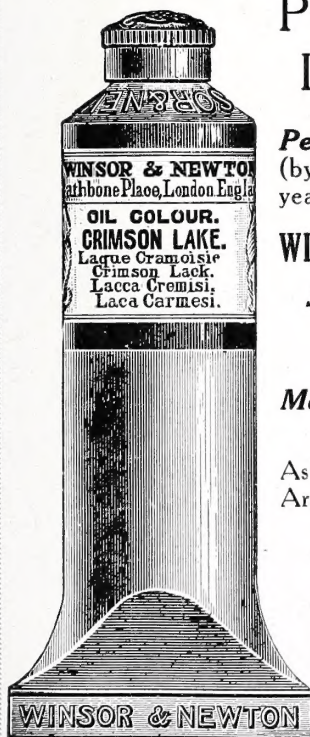
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